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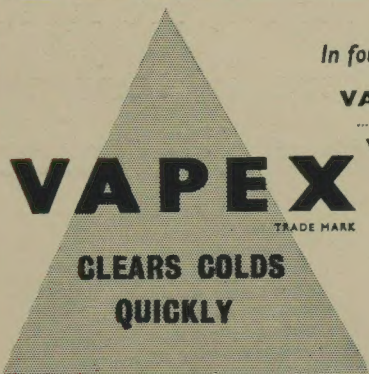
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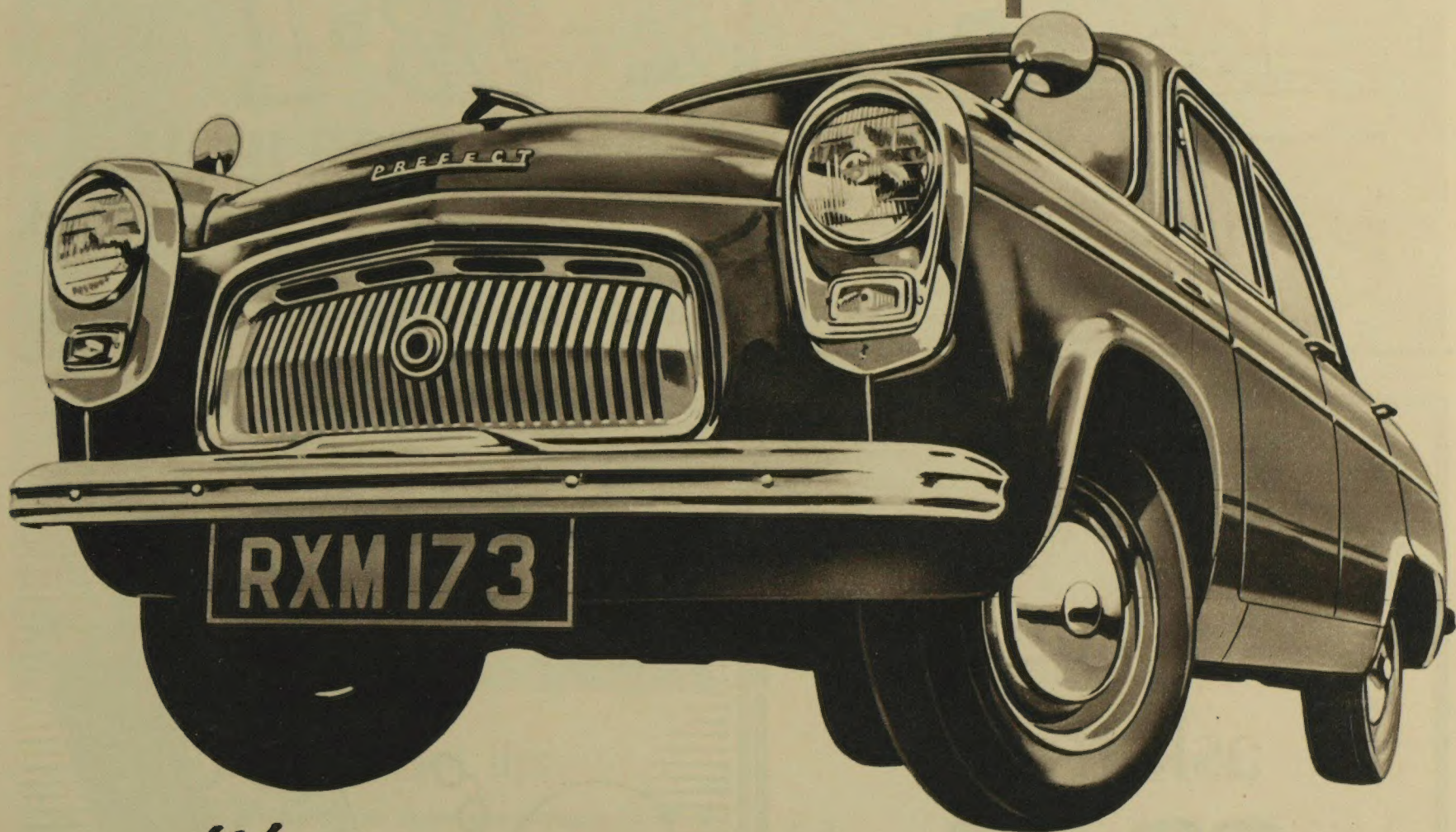
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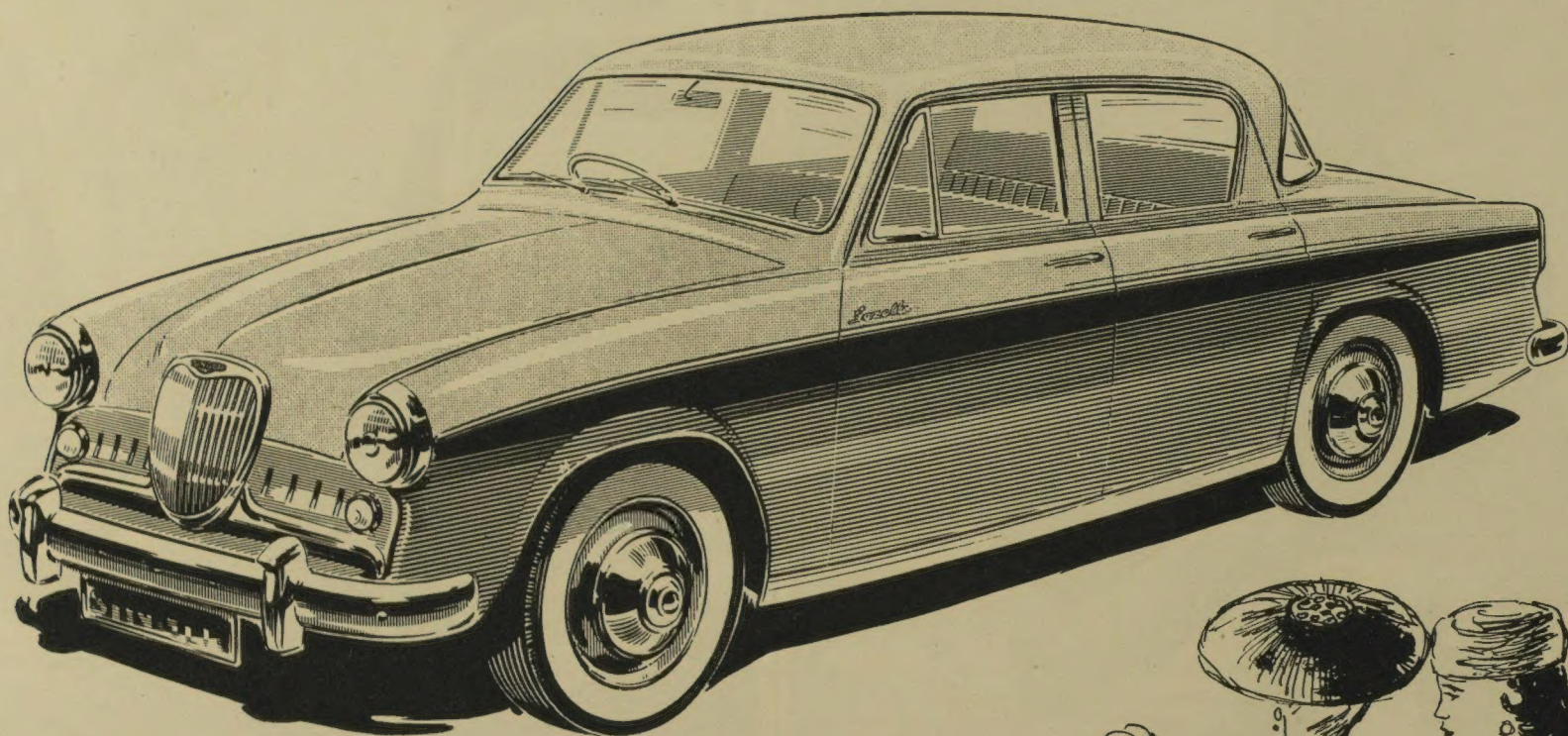
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1956.



MWANGAVU—"THE RADIANT ONE"—AT MOMBASA: PRINCESS MARGARET INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR SOON AFTER LANDING AT MOMBASA AIRPORT ON SEPTEMBER 22, AT THE BEGINNING OF HER EAST AFRICAN TOUR.

A tremendous welcome awaited Princess Margaret when she arrived at Mombasa on September 22, at the beginning of her East African tour. By the Africans awaiting her she was instantly and affectionately given the name of *Mwangavu*, which means "The Radiant One" in the language of the coast, Kiswahili. As she stepped down from the B.O.A.C. Argonaut "Ajax," Princess Margaret, dressed in pale blue, smiled at the crowds below her and immediately set the tone of charm and easy friendship with which

she was to move among the delighted people of many races who had come from far and wide to welcome her. She was received by the Governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, Lady Baring and the Service Chiefs. Her Royal Highness then inspected the guard of honour, provided by the 7th (Kenya) Battalion, King's African Rifles. Blazing sunshine had brightened these happy and impressive opening moments of Princess Margaret's tour, which will also take her to Mauritius, Zanzibar and Tanganyika.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

TO be able to see a problem clearly in its simple, fundamental terms, and to communicate these clearly and in a readily acceptable form to others, is the essence of the art of government. These were the qualities that made Field Marshal Montgomery such a magnificent leader in battle and secured such a wonderful response from those under his command. He saw exactly what would be needed of them and then made them see it themselves. It was as simple as that—and as rare. Because of it, Montgomery's name will be remembered among the great commanders of all time, and justly remembered.

Churchill, of course, in the political sphere, had the same quality. He may not have been a great peace Minister—his opportunity for this came so late in life and under such hampering conditions that it is hard to judge—but that he was a great War Minister will be remembered to the end of time. He told us what we had to do and roused and inspired us to do it. Most people feel—and I think rightly—that we should not have won the war or even survived it but for the way in which he did this in 1940. "My conception of a great statesman," said Disraeli, "is of one who represents a great idea—an idea which may lead him to power—an idea with which he may identify himself; an idea which he may develop; an idea which he may and can impress on the mind and conscience of a nation." This was just what Churchill did; he saw the truth—harsh, stark and simple—and made us see it too, and in time, just in time, for our own salvation.

Something of this quality is needed to-day, if the country is to solve its domestic and external difficulties. It is not enough for our admirable and industrious Civil Service, with its complex machinery of committees and statistics, to work out, with infinite care for detail, the appropriate solution for every problem, and then for a miscellaneous and, as too often happens, rather ill-co-ordinated chorus of Members of Parliament, leader-writers and Public Relations Officers to convey the course to be adopted to the rest of the nation. Just as the chief function of a courtier who had the interest of the country at heart under an absolute monarchy was to carry the king, his master, with him, so the chief function of a democratic and parliamentary statesman is to persuade the country to endorse and follow his and his colleagues' views. This, in a democracy a quarter educated and three-quarters uneducated, is not easy, but it has to be done if our society is not to founder. It is hard to feel that this has been adequately done over the Middle East problem—so intensely important for this country—in the last decade. Neither over Abadan, the Egyptian Treaty, the withdrawal from the Sudan, Cyprus, and the present Suez Canal crisis has the country been made at all clear about the issue. Probably not more than one out of every two electors realises what is at stake in this, to them, remote and now troublesome part of the world—a hazy, Mohammedan hinterland, half-African, half-Asian, of rich sheikhs and pashas, pyramids, deserts and camels, and poverty-stricken peasants and tribesmen. They do not see that the supply of the fuel power which enables us to maintain our national standard of living, and which has now largely taken the place of our native coal, is at the mercy of a man who, suffering from the early but rapidly developing symptoms of the monomania that seems sooner or later to grip all dictators, has shown his implacable hostility to the rulers and people of this country and has publicly and repeatedly threatened to destroy, the moment he has the physical means to do so, a small neighbour country whose existence Britain is both morally and legally bound to defend and whose defence by this country, if Nasser is allowed to reach a position in which he can force the issue, is almost certain to precipitate a world war. If we wish Armageddon to be fought on the plains of Israel, we have only to let

the bullfrog Nasser swell a little more and it will be. Nor, of course, will it only be fought on the plains of Palestine. Yet such has been the inability of otherwise able rulers to place the issue clearly before the country that half the nation seems to imagine that the Egyptian military dictator is more sinned against than sinning, and that a rather bullying Britain and France, led by obstinate and hysterical statesmen, are making a *casus belli* out of hurt pride about a matter of words and formulas. It is refreshing, therefore, to read of the statement made on his return to Australia of Mr. Menzies, who seems to be taking the place of the late Field Marshal Smuts as the Commonwealth's leading elder statesman and man of vision. "It is not," he said, "a matter of forcing a bad bargain down Egypt's throat. It is a matter of using pressure to get Egypt's agreement to a generous offer." The plan, he went on, for international control produced by the earlier London Conference was the most generous offer ever made by eighteen nations, including some of the greatest in the world, to one small nation. It had been overlooked by those who talked about force that Egypt's repudiation of the concession granted to the Suez Canal Company had been

made without notice, without consent, and by force.* For the essence of Nasser and his rule is that he is a man who habitually employs force in defiance of law to achieve his ends and who, like many other Oriental despots before him, despises everyone who opposes him with any other weapon but that of superior force. He has no use for either legal or liberal arguments and regards those who use them as fools and dupes. The fact that the people he leads have the reputation of being rather lacking in discipline on the battlefield does not worry Nasser, any more than it worried Mussolini, and is not likely to worry him so long as his opponents continue to proclaim that they have no intention of using their superior force. For obviously no other argument but force has the faintest validity for Nasser and his gun-packing courtiers.

In the past the disarming of Oriental military tyrants and aggressors was a periodic duty of the Royal Navy and the British-Indian Army. This discarded process is now spoken of as "colonialism" and

regarded by most people with contempt and shame. Yet unless someone performs that duty it is hard to see how tyranny and aggression are to be opposed except by appeal in the last resort—when the triumphant dictator has become so powerful as to be otherwise uncontrollable—to the restraining horrors of a world war. It is argued that the United Nations is the proper body to restrain tyrants and aggressors before they become too dangerous to their neighbours, and that only by the practice of submitting every international dispute to the United Nations will justice and peace ever be made compatible. There is much to be said for this view, and most Englishmen, including the writer of this page, would be ready to subscribe to it, but only if the United Nations can be given teeth. For as that body is at present constituted Nasser knows that, whatever his degree of wrong-doing, he has nothing to fear from it. He has only to continue to brag to his own people and to procrastinate and prevaricate to the rest of the world, to get away with the seizure of an international utility as he got away earlier with the closure of the Canal to Israel's ships and with his defiance—still continuing—of the United Nations decision that Egypt should reopen it to them. This elementary fact and the peril in which Israel—and, as a result, the world's peace—stands from this braggart bully want repeating again and again until everyone in this country, regardless of politics, is perfectly clear what the real issue is. When they are, the days of Nasser's power will be ended and with it a needless threat to the world's peace.

* The Times, September 19, 1956.

TO BE OPENED BY PRINCESS MARGARET.



THE SCENE OF A ROYAL FUNCTION IN TANGANYIKA: THE NEW DEEP WATER BERTHS OF THE PORT OF DAR-ES-SALAAM, WHICH PRINCESS MARGARET IS TO OPEN OFFICIALLY ON OCTOBER 8. THE NEW BERTHS ARE SEEN HERE BEYOND THE OLD LIGHTERAGE WHARVES.

One of Princess Margaret's engagements on October 8, the first day of her visit to Tanganyika, will be the official opening of the extensive new deep-water berths, which have been constructed in the port of Dar-es-Salaam. The berths, which have been operating since the beginning of August, will be named "Princess Margaret Quay."

PRINCESS MARGARET LEAVES FOR EAST AFRICA; AT GIBRALTAR; AND THE ARRIVAL AT MOMBASA.



AT THE BEGINNING OF PRINCESS MARGARET'S LONG FLIGHT TO MOMBASA: THE B.O.A.C. ARGONAUT AIRLINER "AJAX" MOVES OFF AT LONDON AIRPORT.



A HAPPY SMILE AS SHE SAYS GOOD-BYE: PRINCESS MARGARET, IN A CHARMING HAT OF FEATHERS, AT LONDON AIRPORT ON SEPTEMBER 21, WHERE SHE WAS SEEN OFF BY HER MOTHER.



DURING AN HOUR'S STOP AT GIBRALTAR: PRINCESS MARGARET SEEING SOME OF THE FAMOUS BARBARY APES WHICH ROAM OVER THE ROCK.



A WORD OF THANKS TO THE CREW OF THE ARGONAUT AIRLINER WHICH HAD CARRIED HER SAFELY FOR OVER 5000 MILES: PRINCESS MARGARET AT PORT REITZ AIRPORT, MOMBASA, IMMEDIATELY AFTER HER ARRIVAL ON SEPTEMBER 22.



THE SMILE THAT QUICKLY CAPTIVATED THE PEOPLE OF MOMBASA: PRINCESS MARGARET WITH SIR EVELYN BARING AT MOMBASA AIRPORT.



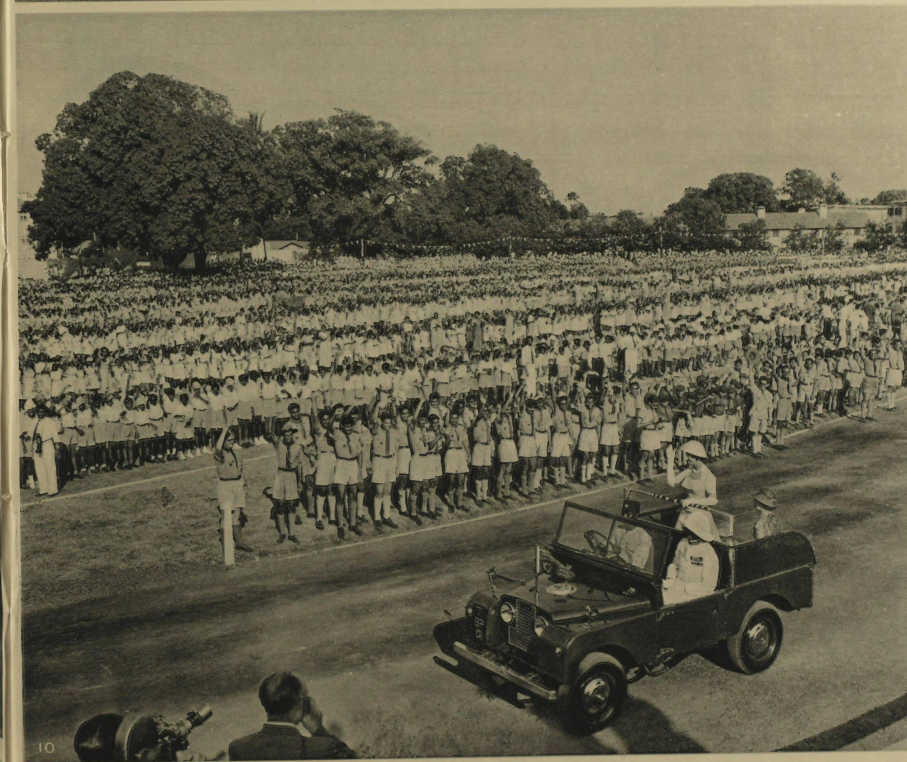
MEETING SOME LEADING KENYA PERSONALITIES: SIR EVELYN BARING, THE GOVERNOR, INTRODUCES HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCESS MARGARET, TO SOME OF THOSE WHO HAD AWAITED HER ARRIVAL AT MOMBASA AIRPORT.

HAVING left London Airport on the morning of September 21, Princess Margaret safely reached Kenya over twenty-four hours later when she landed at Port Reitz Airport, Mombasa. Here she was welcomed by the Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, who introduced her to some of the Kenya personalities waiting at the airport. The Princess then drove to Government House, along streets lined with cheering crowds of many races. Later in the afternoon Princess Margaret visited the naval base and she then went on board the Royal yacht *Britannia*, where she was joined for dinner by Sir Evelyn and Lady Baring. On the following day her Royal Highness attended morning service in Mombasa Cathedral. The day's programme also included a gathering of Arab and Asian Moslem women. H.M.Y. *Britannia* sailed for Mauritius in the evening.



1. A ROUSING WELCOME FROM PEOPLE OF MANY RACES: PRINCESS MARGARET DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF MOMBASA ON HER ARRIVAL.
2. HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE MUNICIPAL STADIUM ON SEPTEMBER 23, WHERE SHE RECEIVED A HEART-WARMING RECEPTION FROM 20,000 CHILDREN.
3. THE LIWALI, AN ARAB LEADER, PRESENTING THE PRINCESS WITH A CARVED CABINET, WHICH WAS SYMBOLIC OF KENYA'S WELCOME.
4. AFTER MEETING ARAB AND ASIAN MOSLEM WOMEN: PRINCESS MARGARET LEAVING THE DIAMOND JUBILEE HALL WEARING A GOLDEN GARLAND.
5. PRINCESS MARGARET TALKING TO SOME OF THE WOMEN IN THE DIAMOND JUBILEE HALL, WHERE SHE ALSO WATCHED A DISPLAY OF INDIAN DANCING.
6. MISS BAPSY MEHTA, AN INDIAN DANCER, PRESENTING THE ORNATE GOLDEN GARLAND TO THE PRINCESS.

TWENTY-EGHT CROWDED HOURS IN SUNNY MOMBASA: A PICTORIAL RECORD OF SOME



7. IN MOMBASA STADIUM: A SMALL GIRL CURTSIES BEFORE PRESENTING A BOUQUET TO THE PRINCESS.
8. A QUIET MOMENT IN THE MAGNIFICENT GARDEN OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE: THE PRINCESS WITH THE GOVERNOR OF KENYA, SIR EVELYN BARING, AND LADY BARING. HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ARRIVED IN MOMBASA ON SEPTEMBER 22.
9. THE PROVOST OF MOMBASA ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL, THE VERY REV. R. B. JUBB, WITH PRINCESS MARGARET AFTER MORNING SERVICE.
10. THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN WAVE AND CHEER AS PRINCESS MARGARET DRIVES ROUND MOMBASA STADIUM IN A LAND-ROVER. THE CHILDREN WERE GRANTED A DAY'S HOLIDAY IN HONOUR OF THE ROYAL VISIT.

OF PRINCESS MARGARET'S FIRST ENGAGEMENTS DURING HER EAST AFRICAN TOUR.

EVENTS, DECISIONS, AND ACHIEVEMENTS: A RECORD OF NEWS IN BRITAIN.



THE COMMERCIAL MOTOR SHOW AT EARLS COURT: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION, WHICH WAS OPENED ON SEPTEMBER 21 BY MR. THORNEYCROFT. The eighteenth Commercial Motor Show, the biggest ever presented by the Society of Motor Manufacturers, is mainly British in character, although there were vehicles on view from Germany, the U.S., Czechoslovakia, Holland and Sweden.

(Above.)

NOW BEING USED BY ITS FIRST PUPILS: THE L.C.C.'s NEW COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL AT ELTHAM GREEN, WOOLWICH, WHERE TERM BEGAN ON SEPTEMBER 10.

The new London County Council comprehensive school at Eltham Green, one of twelve such now ready or nearing completion, will be able to cater for 2000 pupils and has facilities for a very wide curriculum. The architect is Dr. Leslie Martin, the architect to the L.C.C.



(Right.)

THE OPENING OF THE SUEZ CONFERENCE ON SEPT. 19: ON THE LEFT CAN BE SEEN MR. SELWYN LLOYD AND MR. DULLES WITH THE BRITISH AND U.S. DELEGATIONS.

The Suez Conference which opened at Lancaster House on Sept. 19 ended on Sept. 21 with a declaration providing for the establishment of a "users' association," in a somewhat modified form, which disappointed France and which allows for voluntary payment of dues by members to the Association.



A MINISTERIAL ROAD DECISION FOR OXFORD: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF OXFORD, WITH THE LINE OF THE PROPOSED RELIEF ROADS MARKED IN WHITE.

On September 22 Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Housing and Local Government, announced his decision on a new road to relieve the traffic congestion in Oxford. He rejected the schemes proposed by the City Council last October and stated that the only possible solution was a road running along the northern side of Christ Church Meadow. Magdalen Bridge will be closed to motor traffic.



A NOTABLE STAGE IN A GREAT ANGLO-AMERICAN PROJECT: THE LAUNCHING OF MAYFLOWER II, THE REPLICA OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS' SHIP, AT BRIXHAM. Early on September 22, in a thunderstorm, *Mayflower II* was named by Mr. Reis M. Leming (who drank a toast to her) and took the water at Brixham. Among those present was Mr. William Brewster XII, a direct descendant of the William Brewster who sailed in the first *Mayflower's* famous voyage.



THE CAPE ROUTE VERSUS THE CANAL ROUTE: WHAT THE SUEZ CANAL MEANS IN TERMS OF TIME, DISTANCE AND COST—IN OIL, GENERAL FREIGHT AND PASSENGER TRAFFIC.

(1) Oil tankers are constantly increasing in size, as big ships are more economical to operate in terms of cargo-carrying costs. (2) The average modern tanker, fully loaded, pays about £8000 in Canal tolls each passage. (3) It is estimated that to take the same-sized ship from the Persian Gulf via the Cape would mean a fourfold increase in costs. (4) Very large tankers of about 80,000 tons d.w. are being built or ordered. Fully-loaded ships of this size could not use the Canal as it is to-day, and further alterations to the Canal would be needed in the near future. (5) A large amount of oil for the United Kingdom is carried in foreign-owned chartered tankers. As the demand increases, owing to the lengthening of the voyages via the Cape, the charter rates will undoubtedly rise. (6) On a voyage from the Persian Gulf to England a 16,500-ton tanker with an average

speed of 13 knots would take about 71 days via the Cape as against 31 days via the Canal. On the basis of 48 tons of fuel per day, the Canal voyage saves some 1900 tons of fuel. (7) A liner of about 28,000 tons costs approximately £5000 a day to run and consumes up to 250 tons of fuel per day, so that any lengthening of the voyage is a serious matter. (8) To keep to the time schedule, liners to and from Australia travelling via the Cape must steam at full service speed all the way; and rougher weather can be expected in the South Atlantic and southern Indian Ocean. (9) Liners to and from Australia and the Far East lose between 30 and 100 passengers per ship per voyage if they travel via the Cape and so miss the Mediterranean ports. (10) Freight charges must inevitably be increased for the longer voyages round the Cape.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.M.A.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW RUSSIA.

"RUSSIA WITHOUT STALIN: THE EMERGING PATTERN." By EDWARD CRANKSHAW.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

STALIN died at last, after as treacherous, pitiless and bloody a career as any tyrant whom history records. The story of his black deeds has been recounted often enough except to those who obstinately refused to listen to it: the cunning and gradual usurpation of the succession to Lenin, the cold-blooded removal of "comrades" who were, or seemed likely to be, inconvenient to him, the wholesale extermination of the Ukrainian small farmers who resisted the confiscation of their homes and fields, the constant "purges" culminating in the "liquidation" of thousands of army officers of all ranks, the deportations, the Arctic prison camps—and then, the hypocritical (on both sides) alliance with Hitler and the partition of Poland with him, the abduction of Polish officers to Siberia, the wanton attack on Finland (with whom M. Maisky, whom we knew here, had recently signed a "non-aggression pact") and, at the war's end, wholesale annexations, and the imposition of Communist Governments on countries which don't want them, but are overshadowed by Muscovite military power.

I don't know if Stalin died happy, although I suppose that it is my Christian duty to hope so, and that he returned to the faith which he supposedly held before he was expelled from the seminary of apprentice Orthodox Priests (I know not why, though; had it been in England, I should have conjectured stealing money from the fielding side's players in the pavilion when everybody else's eyes were on the game) and became a revolutionary and a robber (other men doing it, he watching from a balcony, with a safe "get-away") of bank-vans, a type now becoming increasingly familiar in this country, though they have not yet invaded politics, except in so far as certain theories are entertained. But as soon as Stalin died it is evident that some sort of change came over the Russian scene—the word "Russian" is vague in this context, because it has to cover many and variegated districts, races and languages, the U.S.S.R., coloured brown upon the map, implying about the biggest area of conquest that the world has ever seen. Lenin's testamentary denunciation of Stalin, long familiar outside Russia, was publicly proclaimed and his régime was half-repudiated because of his crimes or, as the timider brethren term them, "mistakes." Beria, the evil and ambitious Chief of the Secret Police, was shot: beyond that both the firing-squads and the gaolers seem to have had their work greatly lightened. Pressure on that section of the subject-nations who are known as "satellites" was relieved—possibly after a fierce debate in the Committee which is now supposed to govern a Soviet Empire which has, at any rate nominally, discarded "the personality cult," in other words leadership—though there may still be a competition for that. A Russian boat came over and won the Grand at Henley: who in the Kremlin can have known that Henley existed, let alone the importance which it has in the eyes of our crocodiles and wolves in the City, and the cannibals of Wall Street—can it be that Mr. Guy Burgess was a wet-bob at Eton, and gave them the tip? Russian battleships visited us, and their officers were not shot for landing. The Russian Prime Minister and the Secretary of the Communist Party traipsed round the Old World, encouraging everybody and drinking toasts to everybody. But the Iron Curtain still hangs between us.

I have never met an Englishman who knew Russia well and who didn't feel a strong affection for Russians; I have known a great many Russians myself and liked the lot, and they weren't, by any means, of one party. There seems no reason why two such kindly peoples should not co-operate in the campaign for the physical welfare of the World. From our side there is no obstacle. We, the wolves, jackals and crocodiles, are "liberating" our Imperialist Colonies one by one, having most recently "freed," with a Parliament and, I dare say, a Speaker and a Mace, the heterogeneous populations of the Gold

Coast. They, the governors of the enormous "Imperialist" Russian Empire, still keep their hands firmly gripped on all the acquisitions which Russia has made throughout the centuries. At the moment the "freedom-loving democracy" of Moscow possesses in Europe a long strip, North to South, of Finland, a great chunk of Poland (including Lwow, which never before was Russian), Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania (from which came Dostoevsky), and Rumanian Bessarabia—quite apart from the little Japanese Kurile Islands which they are now refusing to give up.

All this sort of thing goes on above the heads of the common people in all countries, who merely want to cultivate their gardens and keep out of trouble. People's tendency is to think that kindness and the desire to avoid massacres of

their boys are peculiar to their own kind. They aren't: the feeling is universal. A relative of mine was at Munich when Neville Chamberlain (who, apparently, could not believe that anybody was really wicked) met

Hitler, and heard Chamberlain greeted with tremendous cheers, by boys, and the mothers of boys, who were afterwards to

be slaughtered on one or the other front. It is certain that the English people didn't want a war; it is certain that the German people didn't want a war, although they died in their millions for a cause which they didn't understand. It is certain that neither the English nor the Russian people want a war now. The main thing which is wanted is mutual understanding. "Co-existence" is the fashionable word. If the Russian Government, which has for many years trained its extremely intelligent population into thinking that anybody outside the Iron Curtain is a Wolfish Capitalist, would only admit us to be humane people wishing well to the World; and if only people here would admit that Russians were just people, progress might be made.

Progress certainly might be made through Edward Crankshaw's book. We have had ever-so-many books about Russia in the last thirty years. There have been books by people who have escaped from Russia, and laid emphasis on the ghastly prisons and prison-camps; there have been books by diplomats who have observed things within their limited scope. But here is a book by a man who was G.S.O.I., attached to the British Military Mission to Moscow from 1941 to 1943, who has been back to Russia several times since, and who *knows Russian, and can talk it.*

His knowledge of Russian, and the freedom of travel recently granted, enable him to open windows on contemporary Russia which were not formerly open. It appears that a new upper-class is being crystallised, with its own public schools, country houses, butlers and footmen—but a rather puritanical upper-class, somewhat like the Cromwellian House of Lords. He quotes, from a journal called "Soviet Culture," this: "The spirit of bohemia, disgusting and noisome, has long ago and forever been banished from the sphere of the workers in literature and the arts in the country of socialism. With us there are no causes which so often make talented people go off the rails in a bourgeois society, torn by internal contradictions, humiliated, insulted, hounded at every step. By contrast with bourgeois society, which places artists and artists at the service of capital, in an extremely difficult and degrading situation, in our country workers of the arts enjoy particular esteem and honour. That is completely understandable. With us art does not serve a handful of the over-fed 'elect': it serves the people."

I can't suppose that my voice will carry to Moscow; or, if it did, that Moscow would believe what I said. People brought up in an atmosphere of conspiracy, spying and murder find it difficult to believe that everybody is not of their own kind. But it is of the utmost importance that the Governments of this country and Russia should get on together, if there is to be any peace in the world. And I think that Mr. Crankshaw, who has covered all Russia in his explorations, must be reckoned as our best interpreter.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 524 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. EDWARD CRANKSHAW.

Mr. Edward Crankshaw, who was born in London in 1909, started his journalistic career in 1930. He also translated plays and books from German and French, and himself wrote a number of books. During the war Mr. Crankshaw was G.S.O.I. attached to the British Military Mission to Moscow. In recent years Edward Crankshaw has been the *Observer's* correspondent on Soviet affairs. "Russia Without Stalin" is his fourth book on Russia.



VISITING BRITAIN AS GUESTS OF THE BRITISH UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION: A DELEGATION FROM CHINA, SEEN HERE WITH THE ASSOCIATION'S DIRECTOR-GENERAL.

A delegation of three from the Chinese People's Institute of Foreign Affairs arrived in London on September 16 to spend a week here as guests of the British United Nations Association. The leader of the delegation was Professor Chou Keng-Sheng, vice-president of the Chinese Institute, who is seen above, on the extreme left, with Mr. C. W. Judd, the Director-General of the British U.N. Association, during a Press Conference given soon after their arrival.



AT THE SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, WARMINSTER: MRS. PANDIT, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR INDIA IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, WITH THE COMMANDANT AFTER SHE HAD UNVEILED A PANEL OF INDIAN REGIMENTAL SHIELDS.

On September 17 Mrs. Pandit, the Indian High Commissioner in the United Kingdom, and sister of the Prime Minister Mr. Nehru, unveiled twenty-four shields bearing the devices of regiments of the Indian Army at the School of Infantry, Warminster. She is seen above, after the unveiling, with the Commandant, Brigadier G. R. D. Musson. Mrs. Pandit described the traditional friendship between the British and Indian armies as a great benefit in working towards a world at peace and was glad that now India was independent Indians were still welcome in Great Britain.

* "Russia Without Stalin: The Emerging Pattern." By Edward Crankshaw. Illustrated. (Michael Joseph; 18s.)



A MIDGET "MOON" MADE BY MAN: THE FIRST FULL-SIZE MODEL OF ONE OF THE SATELLITES WHICH WILL CIRCLE THE EARTH IN 1957, DURING THE INTERNATIONAL GEOPHYSICAL YEAR.

An outstanding event of the International Geophysical Year, which begins next July and lasts eighteen months, will be the launching in the United States of a number (probably twelve) of Earth satellites, which if successful will circle the Earth. Their paths are expected to be in an "apparent latitude range of about 40 degrees either side of the Equator," and they are expected to be visible from certain parts of the Earth at certain times. These little "moons" will be silvery spheres of about 20 ins. diameter and will circle the Earth once every 90 minutes at a speed of some 18,000 m.p.h. The duration of their flight is not yet known for certain. Our picture shows the first full-size model

of the interior of such a satellite. It was constructed by the American journal *Popular Science Monthly*, and was displayed in the American Museum-Hayden Planetarium last December. Each satellite will weigh about 20 lb., most of which is accounted for by the various instruments from which signals will be transmitted by radio to the Earth, giving vital information about such things as temperature, air pressure, gravity, meteors and cosmic rays. Each satellite is intended to move round the Earth in an elliptical path, with a minimum height of about 200 miles. When finally the satellite slows down and ceases its orbit it is expected to burn away like a meteorite.

Photograph by courtesy of "Popular Science Monthly."

LET us start with set out the principal factors in the situation of the Suez Canal imbroglio. The United Kingdom, the United States and France are setting up a "Users' Association" with the object of taking convoys through. This project has drawn from Colonel Nasser a defiant reply. The British Prime Minister has stated that he would be prepared to take the matter before the Security Council of the United Nations if Egypt were to default further under the Convention of 1888; he would consider interference or failure to co-operate with the Users' Association to amount to default; he refuses to pledge himself not to use force in any circumstances without reference to the United Nations because no one could foresee the action of Colonel Nasser. At the same time the virtual unanimity in this country on the subject has been unhappily broken.

The fourth factor is the examination of measures to be taken, especially in respect of oil, in the event of a serious decrease or complete temporary cessation in traffic through the Canal. Here the United States has taken the initiative. The proposals include supply of oil to Western Europe from sources which do not send their oil westward through the Canal. There has been some talk of the United States taking tankers in the naval reserve "out of moth-balls." The problem is, however, a matter of finance and currency as well as one of transport. Finally there still remains force in the background for emergency, and British strength in the Mediterranean was further increased in mid-September.

Comment may begin on the moral side. It was a great pity and a grave mistake that differences of opinion should have gone to a division in the House of Commons. Some old hands thought it was almost accidental that this should have happened and that a small percentage less warmth and quicker thinking would have avoided it. If so, the accident was tragic. This issue should not have been caught up in party politics. The country, which began by speaking with one voice as nearly as any democracy is ever likely to speak on such a subject, has become beset by doubt and bewilderment which might too easily lead to weakness. This is a time for steadiness and good nerves. Colonel Nasser's only real asset is the relative ease with which he can create divisions and shake nerves.

The United States is in a difficult position. To keep on saying "Election year!" with a knowing wink is inadequate, ungracious and well-nigh fatuous, except in the context that Congress can scarcely be recalled in election year—which is in no way discreditable—and that the President is constitutionally unable to take any military action, except in the event of direct danger to the country, while Congress is not in session. That the views of the United States and the United Kingdom should differ is not surprising in the light of our greater interest in the Suez Canal as a waterway. No one can fairly say that, as far as can be publicly judged, the United States Secretary of

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE CANAL STILL IN OBSCURITY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

State has been unhelpful during the present crisis. Something valuable may well arise from the proposals to aid Western Europe which have been mentioned above.

It would be disastrous if the confusion which has resulted from the intrusion of party politics into this issue should result in a belittlement of the menace represented by Colonel Nasser's vicious and unlawful action. The second debate in the House of Commons dissolved into laughter on one occasion. Mr. Robens remarked that Sir Anthony Eden had compared the German scene with the Egyptian scene and that the comparison was not a real one. The Prime Minister interjected: "It was the Leader of the Opposition who first made the comparison."

which it would not recover and which would be felt ever afterwards.

Technically, the Canal is of higher importance to the carriage of oil than of other commodities. A ship sailing with wool from Australia by the Cape route instead of through the Canal adds to the length of its voyage to an English port about

13 per cent. A tanker carrying oil from Abadan to an English port round the Cape instead of through the Canal adds about 72 per cent. (The tanker's voyage round the Cape from Abadan is actually 400 miles longer than the wool ship's from Fremantle.) Another point often overlooked is that the pilots, so much in the news, are only the final executants. The admirably organised Suez Canal Company must be considered from the point of view of its whole service such as control, training, schedules, upkeep, buoys, and other features. The threat to good working goes far beyond pilotage.

It is not easy to point a finger at any phase of the international negotiations which have been in progress and say: "Here we allowed avoidable delay to occur."

Yet, as I write, it is well over seven weeks, and by the time what I write is published it will be nine, since Colonel Nasser "nationalised" the Suez Canal. The advantage has been that we have more or less kept in step with the United States. It is but too obvious, however, that we have not all kept in step ourselves, as we started. No less clear is the fact that Colonel Nasser has been given an opportunity to organise a scheme to work the Canal, though we do not yet know how efficient this will prove. He has also been able to make many observers believe that he is winning the battle.

Time is not on our side. The longer the delay over a settlement, the greater the likelihood of our being pushed into an unworthy compromise. We ought to resist procrastination firmly. I am not losing sight of the new world influences of which we have to take account, including Asian opinion and the temper of the Arab States. We cannot, however, allow ourselves to

be ruled by Asian opinion. And if we want to make the Arab States, even the most friendly, fall more thoroughly under the influence of Colonel Nasser and become more exigent and harder to deal with, there is no surer way to do it than by weakening when we are in the right.

I add one personal note, though it may suggest I am rating my importance too high. There has been talk of Government coaching and briefing on military precautions. These could not in any case have been concealed in time of peace, and the Government would have been criticised had it tried to do so. For my part, I have not spoken to a serving soldier or Civil Servant since before the summoning of the Suez Conference in London. If I had I should not have apologised, but it so happens that anything I have written here and elsewhere has come out of my elderly and inadequate head. I have been leading a quiet life.



ANNOUNCING HIS COUNTRY'S FORTHCOMING INDEPENDENCE: DR. NKURMAH, THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE GOLD COAST, ADDRESSING THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY AT ACCRA.

On March 6 next year the Gold Coast will, subject to Parliamentary approval, become an independent state within the Commonwealth. It will be the first African state to do so. This decision was made public when correspondence between the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Lennox Boyd, and the Governor of the Gold Coast, Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, was published on September 18. The correspondence reveals that the Bill to grant independence will be introduced in Parliament as soon as possible. (The new session of Parliament begins on November 6.) On achieving independence the name of the state will be changed from Gold Coast to Ghana. Togoland, at present a trust territory, subject to approval by the United Nations General Assembly and following a plebiscite held last May, will become part of Ghana. Following the introduction of the independence Bill in Parliament, Dr. Nkrumah's Government will have the chance of making certain amendments. One of these may well be the setting up of regional assemblies, in accordance with Sir Frederick Bourne's recommendation and as a compromise with the Opposition's desire for a federal constitution. The Gold Coast resolution seeking independence was passed by Dr. Nkrumah's Government, the Opposition having absented themselves from the Assembly. In last July's General Election the Government won 72 seats out of the total 104, and the resolution for independence was considered by the Governor to have been passed by a "reasonable majority."

What Mr. Gaitskell is reported to have said is: "It is exactly the same that we encountered from Hitler and Mussolini." In one sense, however, Mr. Robens may be considered to have been right. Hitler and Mussolini represented enormous force, whereas Colonel Nasser represents chiefly bluff. But it is folly to imagine that the consequences of submission to bluff would be anything less than disastrous.

As I have written before, the long-term issues here are of greater significance than the immediate future. A short interruption of the Canal traffic would be unfortunate but not a major calamity. A triumph for Colonel Nasser which allowed him to establish his pretensions to a great extent and to appear to have done so entirely would amount to a major calamity. It would diminish in equal degree the strength and the prestige and the self-confidence of the British Commonwealth. It might inflict upon this great institution an injury from

THE SUEZ CANAL: THE FIRST DAYS UNDER THE NEW EGYPTIAN REGIME.



THE SUEZ CANAL UNDER THE EGYPTIAN REGIME: A PILOT WORKING FOR THE EGYPTIAN CANAL AUTHORITY BOARDING A DANISH MERCHANT VESSEL AT PORT SAID.



ARAB LEAGUE POLITICAL ACTIVITY: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE POLITICAL COMMITTEE IN SESSION IN CAIRO ON SEPTEMBER 17. ON SEPTEMBER 19 IT SUSPENDED ITS SESSION UNTIL AFTER THE LONDON CONFERENCE.



FOUR RUSSIAN TRAINEE SUEZ CANAL PILOTS TAKING NOTES DURING A COURSE OF INSTRUCTION AT THE CANAL HEADQUARTERS IN PORT SAID, ON SEPTEMBER 17.



RUSSIAN PILOTS PRESENTING THEIR PASSES AT THE GATES OF THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY HEADQUARTERS AT PORT SAID, WHEN ARRIVING TO BEGIN INSTRUCTION IN THEIR NEW JOB.



SHIPS OF A CONVOY UNDER PILOTS OF THE EGYPTIAN CANAL AUTHORITY MOVING ALONG THE CANAL. AT FIRST THERE WERE TWO CONVOYS A DAY.

On September 14 about 500 European employees of the Suez Canal Company left their jobs, including about 100 pilots. Although Egyptian sources claimed that they had 70 qualified pilots willing and able to carry on, only two or three of these can be senior men and between 15 and 20 must be newcomers. Previous to the departure of these 500, the total of employees was 925; and the "necessary number of replacements," said Colonel Younes, Director-General of the Egyptian Canal Authority, were being found from Egyptian sources. As Captain Falls points out on the facing page, "The



A RUSSIAN TRAINEE PILOT (CENTRE) WATCHES A GREEK PILOT TAKE AN ITALIAN SHIP THROUGH THE CANAL. ON THE LEFT IS THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN.

threat to good working goes far beyond pilotage" and the Canal must be considered "from the point of view of its whole service, such as control, training, schedules, upkeep, buoys and other features." During the first days the remaining pilots were working hard and the Canal was kept going despite delays, a reduced schedule and fewer ships in transit. The testing-time was expected to begin with the misty days of October and when the strain of overwork and inexperience began to tell. In the meanwhile, a number of larger ships were being re-routed round the Cape.



CONTINUING A LONG TRADITION: THE IMPOSING MAIN HALL OF THE NEW LIBRARY OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

On Trinity Sunday, May 31, 1942, a German high-explosive bomb fell directly on the Library of Canterbury Cathedral, and largely destroyed it. Just over twelve years later, on June 18, 1954, the new library building, which is illustrated on this and the facing page, was formally opened. Thus a long tradition was continued, for the Cathedral Library has had a history of over thirteen centuries, though the building destroyed in 1942 had only been erected in 1867. The money provided for the rebuilding by the War Damage Commission was most generously added to by the Pilgrim Trust, and the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral gave over £1000 towards the magnificent furnishings. The architect of this impressive new building was Mr. John L. Denman, and

the work was carried out entirely by Canterbury craftsmen. Mr. Denman has taken every care that his design should blend in with the unrivalled beauty of its surroundings. As Mr. Dennis Flanders shows in his drawings the impressive interior and the strong simplicity of the exterior—matching the fine mediæval Water Tower which it adjoins—make the new library building an important feature in the wonderful precincts of Canterbury Cathedral. The library has long played an important part in the life and traditions of Canterbury Cathedral, and it was fortunate that the great majority of the valuable manuscripts and books had been removed to a place of safety before the bomb fell. There is written evidence that the first Christian books ever

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

[Continued opposite.]



REPLACING THE BUILDING BOMBED IN 1942: THE NEW LIBRARY (RIGHT), ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Continued.]

to reach England came to Canterbury with two members of St. Augustine's mission in 601. Since then the library at Canterbury has had a most chequered history. After damage at the hands of the Danes who sacked Canterbury in 1011 a disastrous fire in 1067 destroyed what was left. The first Norman Archbishop, Lanfranc, reformed the library, and throughout the Middle Ages the collection continued to increase, as an important factor in the ecclesiastical and scholastic pre-eminence of Canterbury. The first special library building was built in the early years of the fifteenth century. This was at a time when the Canterbury collection was actually being continually robbed for the benefit of the new colleges being founded at Oxford and later at Cambridge. In 1538,

on the eve of the Dissolution, another disastrous fire destroyed much of the library building. It was not replaced for some ninety years, and in this period of religious unrest many of the remaining manuscripts and books were dispersed. The library gradually recovered, for despite its many deprivations it still possessed "an unrivalled collection of manuscripts and books for the ecclesiastical history of the English people." In 1867 the Chapter decided to build a new library to house this magnificent collection. Now, despite yet another disaster in its history, Canterbury Cathedral Library, with its marvellous collection of early manuscripts, is again beautifully housed and serves as a centre of research for scholars from all over the world.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

ONE OF THE EARLIEST PALACES OF MINOAN CRETE: DISCOVERIES IN THE LOWEST LEVELS OF THE PHAISTOS SITE.

By PROFESSOR DORO LEVI, Director of the Phaistos Excavations.

Owing to the great success of the excavations of the season discussed, all that relates to the extremely rich pottery and the like has been extracted and will appear in a forthcoming issue. Colour illustrations of some of this pottery will be published later in the year.

IN two previous issues of *The Illustrated London News* (those of January 19, 1952, and December 12, 1953) I gave a brief account of the resumption of the Italian excavations in

carefully lined with stone (Fig. 5). A few more steps led to another room (LX), likewise provided with benches all round its walls. On these or on the floor near by lay many vases, among which was

one of the type which Evans called "bird-cages," and another strange open vessel provided with two diverging horns, which was thought to be a vessel in which to keep a skein of thread—such as Ariadne might have used. In point of fact it was most probably a ritual vessel. Many other specimens of both kinds were found by us. Behind Room LX we reach the front rooms of the Late Palace.

To the north of the atrium we enter a long corridor (LVIII), divided into several sections (Figs. 6, 7 and 8).

crushed by the heavy wave of concrete thrown over the palace's debris after each catastrophe to provide foundations for the new building. The floor of the earliest building was discovered to be still covered with alabaster slabs. High above could be seen the stucco pavement of the second habitation phase and two steps leading north to Room XLIX, excavated in preceding seasons. On the opposite side of the room we found a big stone lamp lying on the alabaster floor under the wall bench. The thick layer of concrete thrown over the ruins hangs directly over the bench. In fact, in Fig. 9 we can see how low the concrete was laid in this room, directly over the heaps of rubbish, fragments of pottery, charcoal and ashes of burnt furnishings. About 3 ft. (1 metre) above the floor of the earlier palace runs the stepped corridor of the second phase with a stuccoed pavement, leading eastwards to the next room, No. LV.

Two palace phases can be clearly distinguished for this room LV in Fig. 11. Above, a recess in the south wall is full of well-preserved pottery of this second building. Below, a few vases lie near the ground of the earlier building, while some cups and lamps in stone and pottery stand in one of the usual wall cupboards. In front of the opening of this cupboard were found fragments of extremely rich polychrome pottery (and these will be illustrated and described in full in a later article).

We may add, by the way, that the same refinement of craftsmanship and the same exuberant and fanciful decoration which is characteristic of the potteries of the early palace factories can be seen also in the pottery of the town. The Palace of Phaistos (as well as that of Knossos) was not—as previously supposed—the dwelling of the king and all his subjects. On the hill slopes all around the Palace of Phaistos we discovered,

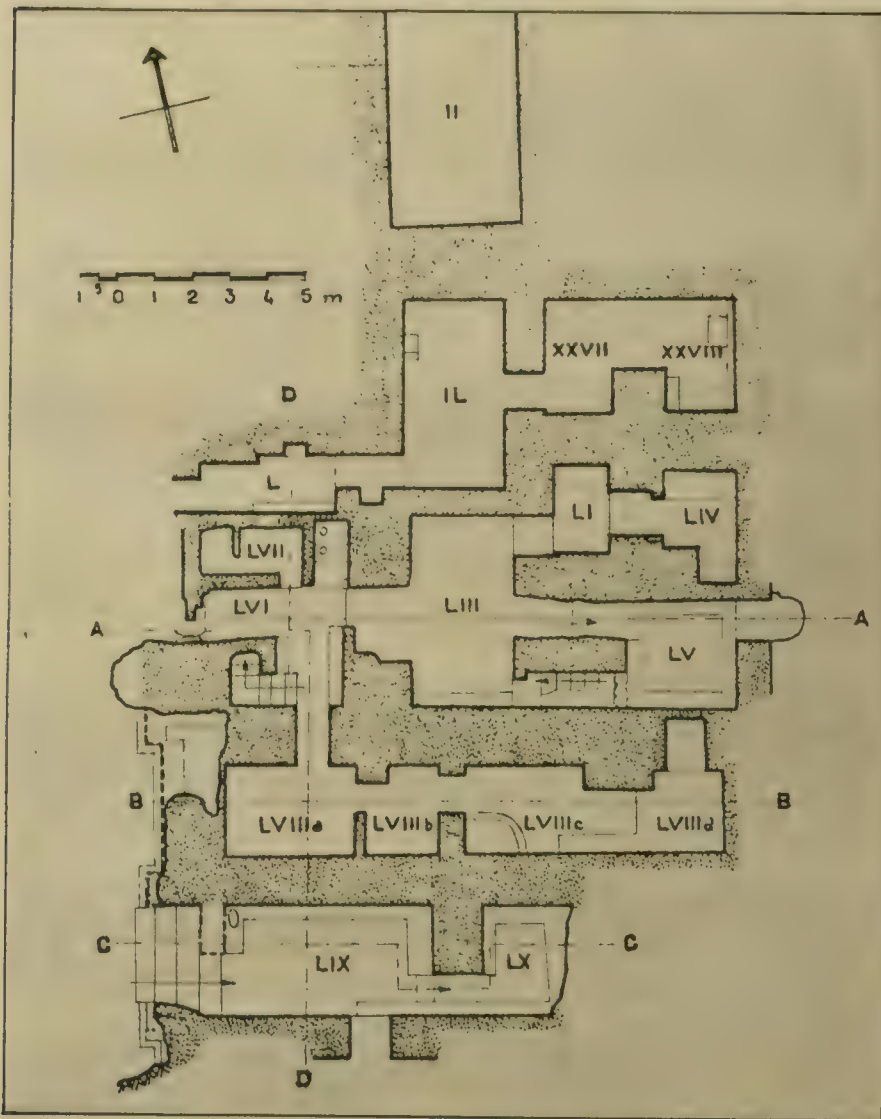


FIG. 1. A PLAN OF THE EXCAVATIONS CONDUCTED UNDER PROFESSOR DORO LEVI AT PHAISTOS, IN CRETE, DURING THE 1954-55 SEASON, AND SHOWING THE GROUND PLAN OF THE EARLIEST MINOAN PALACE ON THE SITE.

the Minoan Palace at Phaistos, and of the first findings. The fruitful 1955 season has been successful in joining the single rooms, which had previously been discovered by means of distant trial pits, into a whole new wing of the earliest palace. We can now enter this earliest building, through its own entrance, at the original level and pass from room to room through the doors which excavation has reopened.

In Fig. 2 we can see in a single glance a sight which is perhaps unique in the monuments of antiquity—four superimposed palaces, each showing clear remains of its walls and floors. At the bottom of the picture we see part of the façade of the earliest Minoan Palace, consisting of a series of imposing orthostate blocks, forming buttresses and re-entrants, resting on well-cut *euthynteria* and overlooking a wide-paved courtyard. This structure seems to be a direct forerunner of that façade which overlies the West Court of what was previously considered the first palace and has now become the third, rising about 20 ft. (over 6 metres) higher, at the top of the photograph. Finally, at the very top we can distinguish the façade of the last, Late Minoan, palace, with the flight of steps descending from the North Court.

Our earliest palace had its own stepped entrance, from the line of the façade to an atrium (numbered LIX on the plan, Figs. 1 and 3): a modest but interesting predecessor of the imposing propylon of the Late Minoan palace. A stone water basin stood behind the door, and benches, covered with alabaster, ran all round the atrium, for those visitors who had to await admittance (Fig. 4). A small cupboard in the wall was found to be full of graceful pottery and alabaster cups and other vessels (Fig. 10). The central slabs of the pavement had subsided because below them ran the deep main drain,

Here along the walls we found a number of big jars, evidently designed to contain the palace's provisions: another forerunner in miniature of the grandiose Royal Magazines of *pitthoi* at Knossos. The bottom of one of the jars was found to be full of grape seeds, either from wine or—more probably—from dried raisins. (This is, by the way, the first clear evidence of the cultivation of vines in prehistoric Crete.) On the paved floor behind the jar two conical dishes of different sizes were found one within the other: most presumably measures for grain. The *pitthoi*, sometimes individually set within a ring of stones, at other times grouped behind a low wall, all belong to the characteristic early type and are of different shapes and sizes, some of them being painted. The very badly battered walls of the corridor have needed a more thorough reinforcement and restoration before replacing the jars on their original sites.

Further north, Room LIII had been subjected to a trial dig by previous excavators, which had greatly damaged the remains of the second phase of the palace (Fig. 9). These, in addition, were



FIG. 2. A SIGHT "PERHAPS UNIQUE IN THE MONUMENTS OF ANTIQUITY": FOUR SUPERIMPOSED PALACES IN A SINGLE GLANCE. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT PHAISTOS FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

At the bottom is the west façade of the earliest palace, with a series of orthostates, looking on to the West Court. Part of a wall was crushed by the flow of the concrete thrown over it after the palace's collapse, and is seen leaning over the paved courtyard. A mass of concrete is left *in situ* to support it. On top of this wall and on the wall behind it we see remains of alabaster slabs of the pavements of the second building. In the centre, on the left of the bastion protecting an entrance to the palace, we see the wall, encrusted with alabaster slabs and decorated with painted stucco above the slabs of this second palace. High above is the orthostate façade of the third palace, over which, to the left, is the façade of the fourth and last palace, with a flight of steps descending from the north courtyard to the great propylon opening on this façade.

and have started to excavate during recent seasons, the houses of a large town which passed through all the building vicissitudes of the palaces themselves. A number of the finest and richest vessels found come from the few houses so far excavated. The

[Continued opposite.]

A MINOAN ROYAL HOME OF 4000 YEARS AGO: THE EARLIEST PHAISTOS PALACE.



FIG. 3. THE FACADE OF THE EARLIEST MINOAN PALACE AT PHAISTOS, SHOWING (RIGHT) THE STEPPED ENTRANCE TO THE ATRIUM (LIX) (SEE FIG. 1).



FIG. 4. A CLOSE-UP OF THE ATRIUM (LIX), SHOWING A CUPBOARD IN THE LEFT WALL AND THE PLASTERED BENCH FOR THOSE WAITING TO ENTER.

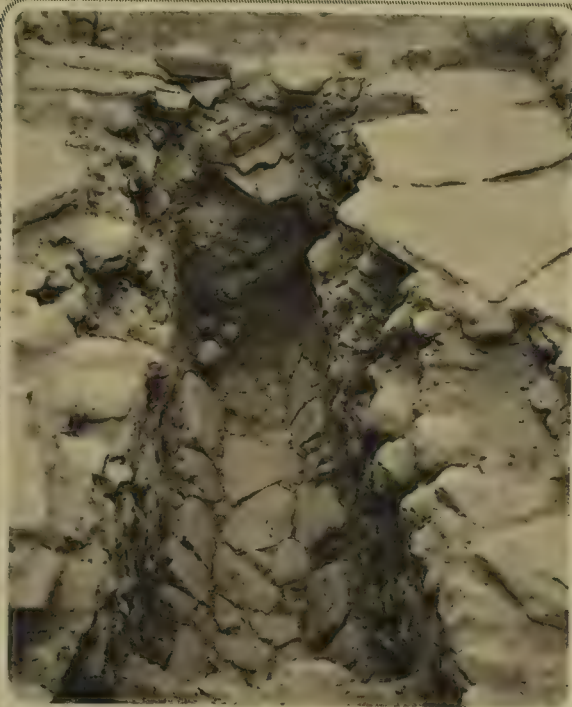


FIG. 5. THE FLOOR OF THE ATRIUM (FIG. 4) LIFTED TO SHOW THE MAIN DRAIN OF THE PALACE, CAREFULLY LINED WITH STONE.



FIG. 6. A LONG CORRIDOR (LVIII), USED AS A PALACE STORE-ROOM. IN ONE OF THE LARGE PITHOI WAS A SEDIMENT OF GRAPE SEEDS.



FIG. 7. THE SAME CORRIDOR AS THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 6, BUT AFTER THE NECESSARY RESTORATIONS HAD BEEN MADE.



FIG. 8. THE ATRIUM OF THE CORRIDOR SHOWN IN FIGS. 6 AND 7. PAVEMENT AND BENCHES ARE LINED WITH ALABASTER; ON THE BENCH IS A "BIRD-CAGE"; ON THE PAVEMENT A LAMP.

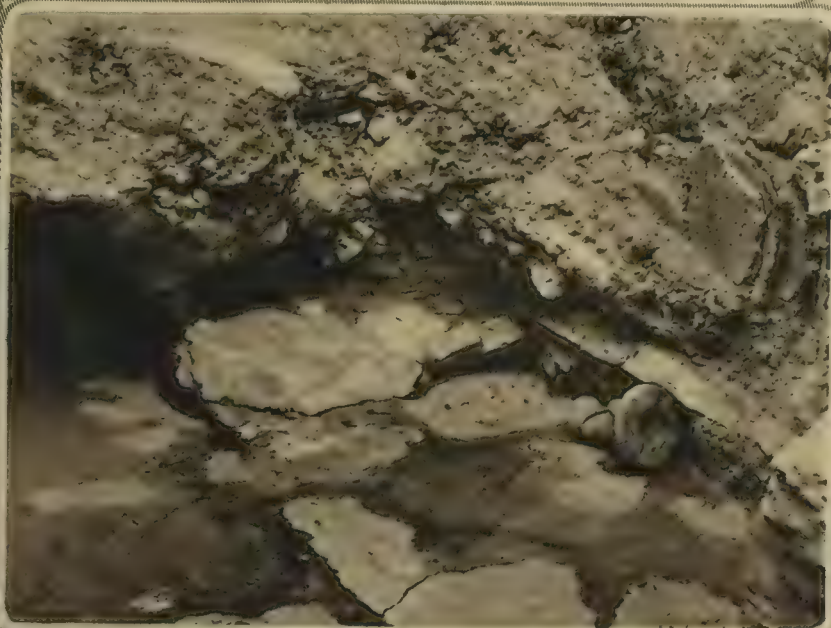


FIG. 9. A CORNER OF A LARGE ROOM (LIH). ON THE RIGHT, ABOVE THE BROKEN STONE LAMP, THERE IMPENDS A MASS OF THE CONCRETE POURED IN AS FOUNDATION FOR THE SECOND PALACE.

Continued.
same building vicissitudes are not confined to the areas of the palaces (newly revealed) along the southern slope of the hill, where the walls of the earlier structures stood up higher than elsewhere after the earthquakes, and were better preserved, thanks to the system of covering them with a mantle of concrete to provide the foundations for new buildings. They were confirmed as well by a number of trial trenches under the pavements of the Late Minoan Palace and, on the top of the hill, where the ruins of the earlier structures

were mostly removed to make way for new ones. One of the most daring (and still unfinished) trial digs was carried out on the very summit of the hill which is covered by the broad Central Court. Curiously enough, only part of the surface of this court was paved with limestone slabs in the late period, and an oblique strip was left uncovered along the west side. Though previous digging had failed to find anything here, we now uncovered a great number of remains of earlier structures, including the bases of a long colonnade, and

[Continued overleaf.]

PALACE UPON PALACE UPON PALACE AT PHAISTOS:
NEW LIGHT ON THE RICH MINOAN CIVILISATION.



FIG. 10. THE WALL CUPBOARD, WHICH IS ALSO SHOWN IN FIG. 4. IT WAS FOUND TO BE FULL OF GRACEFUL POTTERY, SOME ALABASTER CUPS AND OTHER VESSELS.



FIG. 11. THE SCENE OF THE RICHEST FIND OF THE SEASON: ROOM LV, SEEN AT TWO LEVELS. IN THE LOWER (FIRST PALACE) LEVEL AMAZING POTTERY WAS FOUND IN FRONT OF THE CUPBOARD.

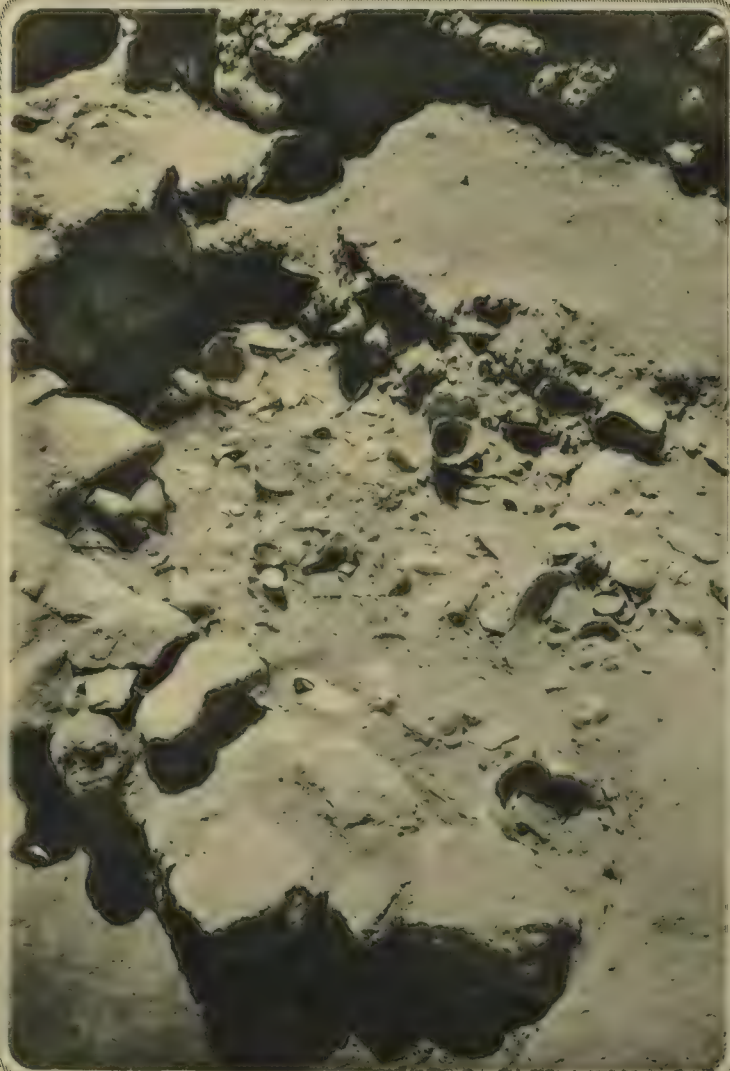


FIG. 12. UNDER THE COLONNADED HALL OF THE LATE MINOAN PALACE: A GREAT DEPOSIT OF SHERDS IN WHICH WERE FOUND CLAY SEAL IMPRINTS AND INSCRIBED TABLETS.



FIG. 13. A TRIAL DIG BELOW THE LEVEL OF THE LAST PALACE IN THE CENTRAL COURT: ON THE LEFT IS A LINE OF SQUARE BASES FOR ROUND COLUMNS OF AN EARLIER COLONNADE.

Continued.]

pottery and other objects from all the building phases which are more clearly shown in the ruins along the hill slopes which we have described above. An even richer harvest of finds derived from the excavation of the large colonnaded hall (numbered 25) which leads from the storage quarter of the Late Palace through an imposing porch into the Central Court (Fig. 13). Here, about 4 ins. under the alabaster slabs of the latest floor, remains of another and similar pavement were found, which, together with potsherds found beneath the two, bear witness to the existence of two phases of the

Late Palace, a feature noticed during our earlier trial digs. Underneath, the remains of the successive phases of the Middle Minoan Palace were clearly distinguished. Here, too, a layer of hard concrete covered ruinous substructures of walls from the earliest period. These substructures yielded (Fig. 12), together with numberless small vases and cups in monochrome and polychrome Kamares ware, several thousands of clay seal imprints (and these will be illustrated and described in a later issue, and colour reproductions of the finest pottery will appear later).



BRITAIN'S ROYAL AMBASSADOR : H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE HER EAST AFRICAN TOUR.

Before Princess Margaret's departure from London for her five-week tour of Kenya, Mauritius, Zanzibar and Tanganyika, this charming photograph of her Royal Highness was taken at Clarence House. The Princess is wearing a pink tulle evening dress, embroidered with flowers and sequins; a diamond necklace, bracelet and drop earrings. The Princess was due to leave London by air on September 21 for Mombasa, where she was to join H.M. Yacht *Britannia*. After carrying out a number of engagements in Mombasa on

September 23 the Princess was to embark in *Britannia* to sail to Mauritius, where she was due to arrive to-day, September 29. According to the provisional official programme, the Princess is to leave Mauritius for Zanzibar on October 1, arriving there on October 5. On October 8 she is to begin her tour of Tanganyika, which lasts until October 18, when she leaves for Nairobi. Before flying home to London on October 25 Princess Margaret is to spend a day watching big game in the Amboseli Game Reserve.

Camera study by Cecil Beaton.



A ROYAL THEATRE PARTY: PRINCESS MARGARET, WITH THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE, LEAVING THE SCALA THEATRE AFTER A CHILDREN'S DANCING MATINEE.

This pleasant Royal occasion was recorded on July 17 after a Children's Dancing Matinée given at the Scala Theatre in aid of the Family Welfare Association. Among the 300 children taking part in the matinée were some friends of the Royal children, including Viscount Lascelles; and Princess Margaret took her nephew and niece, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, to see the performance. Among the many items which the Royal children saw, their prime favourites appeared to be a ballet about the Pied Piper of Hamelin, the "rats" being especially popular; and the closing

item, "Wild Frontier," in which that well-known character, Davy Crockett, appeared and the song which all children have taken to their hearts was sung by cast and audience. The Royal party was expected to leave at 5.30, but they stayed on to the end at 6.15. The news that they were at the theatre had spread, and when they left, a crowd of about 700 had gathered outside the theatre and many people burst the police cordon to look in at the windows of the car, and police assistance was necessary to clear a path for the car in Charlotte Street and Goodge Street: a rousing climax to a happy afternoon.



ARRIVING AT A FAMOUS LONDON RESTAURANT: ONE OF THE GLIMPSES OF THE QUEEN SO BELOVED BY LONDONERS.

There are always eager crowds of Londoners to give the Queen a warm welcome when she takes part in informal social occasions in her capital. Such a crowd had gathered—despite torrential rain—to await her Majesty's arrival for a private dinner-party at Quaglino's restaurant, St. James's, in July. The dinner was for owners and riders in the winning British team in the three-day Olympic Equestrian event at Stockholm. Her Majesty's

Countryman, ridden by Mr. A. E. Hill, was one of the three horses in this victorious team. Several of the courses on the menu were given names identifying them with the winning horses. Among these was "A Countryman Sole." The Royal party, which also included the Duke of Edinburgh and the Queen Mother, stayed until the end of this happy occasion, when there was still a crowd eager to catch another glimpse of their lovely Queen.



COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE 8TH KING'S ROYAL IRISH HUSSARS: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

According to arrangements published at the time of writing, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, who in our photograph is wearing the uniform of the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief, is to leave England on October 14 to start his journey to Melbourne, where he is to open the Olympic Games on November 22. He will fly out to meet the Royal yacht *Britannia* after the ship has completed its part in Princess Margaret's Indian Ocean visits. He will then sail on to Australia,

calling at Ceylon, New Guinea and New Britain. The last part of the journey will be overland, via Darwin, Alice Springs and Canberra. On his return the Duke will visit New Zealand, and will then cross the South Pacific. After visiting Graham Land, in the Antarctic, early in January, he will sail on across the South Atlantic. It is thought he will be the first Royal visitor to the Antarctic. He will also visit Tristan da Cunha and the Falkland Islands. His arrival back in England is expected to be about the end of January.

Photograph by Baron.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ONIONS FOR BEAUTY.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

So next time I was going to London I dug up all my *A. moly* bulbs and took them along to Monsieur —. He looked at them doubtfully, scratched one with a finger-nail, sniffed at it, and instantly his eyes glittered. He radiated almost pathetic gratitude. The little consignment can not have weighed more than a pound, yet without any suspicion of bargaining on either side I found myself with eight unexpected pound notes. How he arrived at that exact figure and not a fiver, or a tenner, I never fathomed. Anyway, a delighted restaurateur and a very surprised and unwonted "spiv" parted the best of friends. The white-flowered *Allium neapolitanum* is recommended as a good pot plant.

Two very attractive *Alliums* in my garden are *A. caeruleum* and *A. sphaerocephalum*. Both have perfectly spherical flower-heads. *A. caeruleum* flowers first, about midsummer, with wiry 18-24-in. stems carrying a compact drumhead of deep cornflower blue. *A. sphaerocephalum* comes in August-September, and is best described as a dark reddish or crimson edition of *caeruleum*. In a wide open space of one of my stone trough rock gardens I have a clump of *Allium cyaneum*, a most attractive little thing, with very narrow, grassy leaves and heads of blue flowers suggesting, superficially, some fairy-like 6 to 9-in. agapanthus. A delightful thing for choice small-scale effect in the rock garden. *Allium beesianum* is, in effect, a taller, stouter *A. cyaneum*, growing to 15 or 18 ins., with larger, handsomer, nodding, blue flower-heads. Both these two are perfectly hardy and easy to grow, and may be increased by splitting up the clumps of chive-like roots, or from seeds which are produced freely and are easy to raise.

One of the most attractive of all the ornamental flowering garlics is *Allium cernuum*, which flowers in late summer and early autumn, with slender 2-ft. stems, and heads of reddish-violet blossoms, carried in a shower upon thread-fine pedicels. I believe there are several species—or forms—coming near this description, and all of them that I have seen have great charm and distinction, and not only do they remain in flower in the border for a surprisingly long time, but they make delightful, graceful, and long-lasting cut-flowers.

Last but far from least of my *Alliums* is *A. albopilosum*. Someone gave me five or six bulbs of this strange species which comes from Turkestan. I planted them, without fuss or ceremony, in stiff, stony soil in an unconsidered border, and there they appear to be perfectly contented with their undistinguished lot, for though they are striking when in flower—in fact, almost sensational—they add nothing to the beauty or gaiety of a flower border. They flower here in July-August. On a finger-thick erect stem is a perfectly spherical flower-head, a good foot in diameter, and formed of up to eighty or more blossoms carried upon slender pedicels radiating from a common centre. The blossoms are lilac, each with a central boss or ovary, looking like a pale-green, rather nubby boot-button. As I have suggested, it is quite undecorative in the border. Curious, yes, and looking like a rather poor joke. No one, seeing it for the first time, can resist exclaiming "What an odd-looking plant—what is it?" But this year *A. albopilosum* has come into its own as far as I am concerned. In mid-August I gathered three flower-heads with 18-in. stems and put them in a four-inch vase, without water. With them, for contrast and companionship, I put a flower-head of the common leek, with its curious sheath, like a long, pointed, pixie-cap in thin pale membrane just splitting open, and carried on the flower-head at a thoroughly rakish angle. The effect was magical. No longer did *A. albopilosum* look like a poor joke. It at once became immensely decorative, with the leek-head giving mildly comic relief. The vase is one of the late Reginald Wells' beautiful "Coldrum" vases, in curiously mottled brown over a blue-grey ground. What a great artist poor Reggie Wells was, and how lucky those who, as I did, acquired a collection of his vases whilst the going was good. For flowers there is nothing like them—or just as pots, for that matter.



THREE FLOWERING HEADS OF *ALLIUM ALBOPILOSUM* WITH "FOR CONTRAST AND COMPANIONSHIP" A HEAD OF THE COMMON LEEK "WITH ITS CURIOUS . . . LONG, POINTED, PIXIE-CAP . . . CARRIED . . . AT A THOROUGHLY RAKISH ANGLE. . . THE VASE IS ONE OF THE LATE REGINALD WELLS' BEAUTIFUL 'COLDRUM' VASES."

Photograph by Peter Pritchard.

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the personalities and events of the day.

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The flowering garlics are a sadly neglected race in our gardens, and for cutting for the house. This is perhaps because rude, crude, unthinking—I am almost tempted to say ignorant—folk say that they stink. But it should be realised that the flower-stems of the ornamental garlics are like the skunk. They only become offensive when offended. Annoy a skunk and he will see to it that you know all about it for weeks and weeks—if you have not committed suicide in the meantime. Gather the flowering garlics for the house, bruise the stems, or otherwise rub them up the wrong way, and they certainly do give off their garlic smell. But place them in a vase of water and they become and remain perfectly odourless. So why worry?

The only member of the onion family which I have ever seen for sale in the florists' shops is the chive. For several years now, I have seen bunches of the reddish-lilac chive blossom in the London shops, and very pretty they are. The two most popular species of flowering garlic are the yellow *Allium moly*, and the rosy-pink *Allium narcissiflorum*, known also as *A. pedemontanum*. Of these I have only grown *A. moly*, and during the last war my stock of bulbs of this were sacrificed to culinary demands. The manager of a famous French West End restaurant that I occasionally frequented at that time, was desperately in need of garlic. It just could not be obtained, and figure to yourself a French chef bereft of garlic!

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS FROM EUROPE AND AMERICA: INTERESTING ITEMS HISTORICAL, ZOOLOGICAL,



PROBABLY THE FIRST INDIAN RHINOCEROS BORN IN CAPTIVITY: THE BABY RHINOCEROS AT BASLE ZOO WITH ITS MOTHER, JOIMOTHI. On September 16 the Basle Zoo announced the birth of a male rhinoceros, who weighed about 133 lb. He was born to Joimothi, wife of Gadder, who both come from Assam. There is grave anxiety concerning the survival of the Great Indian Rhinoceros, as was discussed in our issue of September 1.



A NEW GENERATION OF THE RARE HAIRLESS MEXICAN DOG: TLAPEHUALLA, THE MOTHER, WITH HER SIX-WEEK-OLD TWIN PUPPIES AT LONDON ZOO. Tlapahualla, the representative at the London Zoo of the rare breed of dog, the Mexican hairless or *Xoloisquinli*, produced twin puppies early in August and these are making satisfactory progress. The breed is unusual in being hairless except for a few tufts on the top of the head and on the tail and toes.

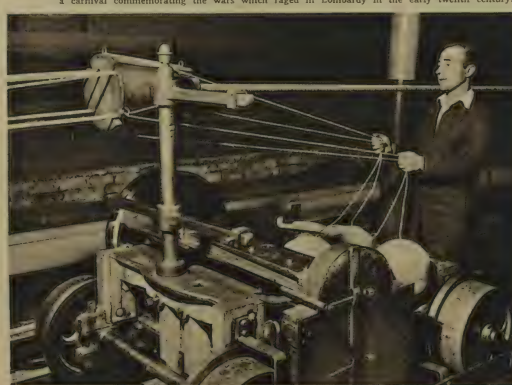


A SWEDISH EXPERIMENT AND POSSIBLY A SIGN OF THINGS TO COME: A HOUSE BUILT IN WELDED IRON PLATES.

A house shaped like a cupola and built of sections of iron plate, 3 mm. thick, and welded together, has been built in Sweden. The walls are insulated against cold and heat with mineral wool and plaster, and there is air-conditioning. It contains a large drawing-room, a bedroom, four children's sleeping cabins, kitchen, etc., and an upper balcony with three guest rooms.



DESCENDANTS OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS, PREPARING FOR THE LAUNCHING OF MAYFLOWER II ON SEPTEMBER 22: DRAWING WATER AT PLYMOUTH BAY, MASS., FOR THE NAMING CEREMONY.



MAKING THE FORE-TOPEAST FUTTOCK SHROUDS FOR MAYFLOWER II IN THE PORT GLASGOW ROPE-WALK OF THE GOURLOCK ROPEWORK CO. LTD. ALL ROPES ARE OF ITALIAN HEMP. At the launching on September 22 at Brixham of *Mayflower II*, the replica of the Pilgrim Fathers' ship, by Mr. Reis Lening, the former U.S. airman who won the George Medal for his gallantry in rescuing twenty-seven people in the East Coast floods in 1963, water from America was used at the naming. This was drawn by Miss Trask and Mr. Wm. Brewster, descendants respectively of John Alden and William Brewster.

A MISCELLANY OF NOTABLE OCCASIONS AND SOME ARCHITECTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL.



(Above) A PROPAGATING FRAME WITH AN AUTOMATIC MIST SPRAY WHICH PRODUCES QUICK ROOTING OF CUTTINGS: AN EXHIBIT IN THE R.H.S.'S AUTUMN SHOW.

One of the exhibits at the Royal Horticultural Society's Autumn Show at Olympia consists of a plastic cover and an automatic mist spray, triggered by an "electronic leaf." The apparatus keeps the foliage of cuttings constantly covered with a light film of moisture, thus overcoming "transpiration" and producing very quick rooting.

(Right) CONGRATULATIONS ON THE CATCH THAT WON THE DAY: CANADIAN HARRY TRASK (LEFT) BEING CONGRATULATED BY THE BRITISH EMPIRE TEAM CAPTAIN ON LANDING THE 64-LB. BLUEFIN WHICH WON THE INTERNATIONAL TUNA CUP MATCH AT WEDGEPORT, NOVA SCOTIA, FOR THE EMPIRE TEAM.



PROBABLY BUILT FOR BARBARA VILLIERS, THEN LADY CASTLEMAINE: THE ICE-HOUSE PIT, ONE OF THE EARLIEST IN THIS COUNTRY, DISCOVERED IN ST. JAMES'S. During building clearance in a basement in St. James's Place this brick-lined pit, 12 1/2 ft. deep and tapering from a top diameter of 13 1/2 ft. to 7 1/2 ft., was recently revealed. It was identified as an ice-house, and photographed and surveyed before filling-in.



CELEBRATING THE ARRIVAL OF THE YEAR'S FIRST SHIPMENT OF AUSTRALIAN EGGS, ROBERT HELPMANN, AT A "WALKABOUT" LUNCHEON, HAS CUT THE "SUNKISSED PAVLOVA" CAKE. On September 17 the arrival at the Port of London of this year's first shipment of Australian eggs was celebrated by a "Walkabout" luncheon held in the Hay's Wharf egg inspection room. Australian eggs were the main ingredients of this buffet lunch, and a good many of them must have gone into the making of the unusual "Sunkissed Pavlova" cake, which was cut by Robert Helpmann, the famous Australian dancer and actor.



UNVEILED IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK: A STATUE OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, RECITING "THE UGLY DUCKLING." On September 18 a statue of Hans Christian Andersen was unveiled in Central Park, New York. It is hoped to establish a "story-telling centre" round the statue. To the right is the president of the Andersen Fund.



A PREVIEW OF THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL WATCH AND JEWELLERY TRADE FAIR, WHICH OPENED AT THE ALBERT HALL ON SEPTEMBER 20: ONE OF THE UNUSUAL EXHIBITS, A LIGHT-MOTIVATED CLOCK, BEING DISPLAYED BY A YOUNG STABLET, MISS ANNE HEYWOOD.



"THEY have pottery of excellent quality, of which bowls are made as fine as glass drinking-cups, the sparkle of water can be seen through it, although it is pottery." In these words the Arabic writer of "The Story of China and India," produced in A.D. 851 probably at Basra, makes the first reference in the West to what is evidently Chinese porcelain as distinct from pottery or stoneware. A few years later the Chinese poet Lu Yu recommended for use as tea-bowls the wares of Yüeh-Chou, which, he said, were blue-green and lent a slight colour, comparable to ice and jade, to the tea. This presumably refers to what is now called Celadon. He also recommended the wares of Hsing-Chou, which were as white as snow or silver. The Ingram collection, about which I also wrote last week, is particularly strong in both these early wares.

Not many years ago the possibility that porcelain could exist at so early a date was not taken too seriously, but excavations at Samarra, on the Tigris (a city founded in A.D. 836 and abandoned in 883), at Fostat, in Egypt, and on kiln sites in China have shown that by the ninth century at latest a white, translucent, vitrified and resonant substance—that is, porcelain—was being made and exported, and that this whitish or greenish substance was the subject of admiring comment far to the West. Yüeh ware, a greyish body covered with an olive-green glaze, used to be identified as a tenth-century product, the so-called "secret-ware" or private ware, of the Princes of Yüeh. Any attempt here to summarise the details of recent research would be tedious and confusing—it would be as exhausting to read as to write. The general opinion comparatively recently was that the earliest version of the so-called Celadon ware, the Yüeh, was produced in the province of Chekiang as early as the third century A.D. But investigations into the past of Chinese civilisation have consistently pushed our knowledge farther and farther back. It might seem unlikely that a fine Celadon could have been made before, say, the destruction of Carthage by the Romans in the second century B.C. Equally, it might seem unlikely that the Chinese could have made a good white pottery before the fall of Troy; but they did, if the finds on the site of An-yang (whose date is 1400-1100 B.C.) can be accepted as evidence.

The modern theory, which I understand finds authoritative support, sets back the beginnings of Yüeh ware by some 500 or 600 years, so that the fine vase of Fig. 1, with its olive-green glaze stopping short of the base, can now be confidently ascribed not to the third century A.D. but to the

third century B.C., presumably—and here I write with diffidence—by comparison of its style and decoration with late Chou Dynasty bronzes. The chicken-ewer of Fig. 2 is tentatively dated somewhere between A.D. 200 and 600, and the amphora of Fig. 4 to the fifth century A.D. With Fig. 3 we are on more familiar ground—a Sung Dynasty Celadon vase of the finest colour and quality: that is, from about the time of the Battle of Hastings or of Magna Carta. Perhaps these four pieces, bridging a span of more than a millennium—four among many such in the Ingram collection—will provide some indication of the broad sweep of the whole.

However cautious one may be, one is reluctantly driven to the conclusion that further archaeological research in so vast a country may yet produce surprises. Everyone knows Celadon,

importers' sales talk. "Eat off Celadon and live longer" must have been an irresistible slogan with which to approach a Sultan who felt he was becoming unpopular. I note in passing an interesting suggestion that originally the green glaze was not intended as an imitation of jade, so precious a material in Chinese eyes, but was regarded as a workaday substitute for the green patina of bronze. As far as I know, this theory has not found much support.

Most of us enjoy detective stories, and the way in which the early history of Chinese ceramics has been pieced together over the course of many years is as intriguing as any. Clues have come to light from many sources and from many lands—the record of Arab writers, the excavations in the Near and Middle East already mentioned, fragments from kiln sites in China itself and the

Chinese objects in the Imperial Treasury at Nara, in Japan, which were deposited there by an Emperor of Japan who died in A.D. 756. There is also the evidence of Sir Aurel Stein's discoveries in Central Asia on the ancient overland route across the desert to the West, which was in use as early as the Han Dynasty—that is, when Rome was great. It is also clear that by the ninth century Chinese ships made regular voyages as far as the Persian Gulf. All this helps to explain the Western influences so apparent in much of the T'ang Dynasty wares. One of these days, perhaps, someone with an encyclopædic—not to say super-normal—knowledge of the hidden motives of human conduct will be able to write a convincing account of just how and why taste changes in so curious a way throughout the centuries. As it is, one can merely record that it does, and that after the T'ang period for the next three centuries the vigorous and lively character of Chinese ceramics took on the suave and gracious delicacy we associate with Sung craftsmanship, with its subtle lavender, greenish-blue and creamy-white glazes and simple forms.

I would suggest that when Sir Herbert Ingram's splendid gift to Oxford is in due course arranged in the Ashmolean Museum the visitor who is not over-familiar with the course of early ceramic history, which it illus-

trates in so complete and remarkable a manner, might perhaps remind himself of the enthusiastic and deservedly famous description given by Marco Polo of Hangchow. He was there in 1288. He was followed later by others, among them Giovanni de' Marignolli in the 1340's, who called it "the finest, the biggest, the richest and most populous, and altogether the most marvellous city, the city of the greatest wealth and luxury in the whole world."

Such words seem to me to provide the background against which all these centuries of effort and experiment can be seen in their due proportion, the apparent culmination of a story. I write "apparent" advisedly, for, as everyone knows, it was really only the beginning of the ceramic glories to come.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A MAGNIFICENT GIFT TO OXFORD.—II.

By FRANK DAVIS.



FIG. 1. A YUEH-YAO VASE OF THE THIRD CENTURY B.C.: OLIVE-GREEN GLAZE STOPPING SHORT OF THE BASE. AN EARLY PIECE OF YUEH WARE IN THE IMPORTANT COLLECTION PRESENTED TO OXFORD UNIVERSITY BY SIR HERBERT INGRAM, BART. (Height: 8 ins.)



FIG. 2. TENTATIVELY DATED BETWEEN A.D. 200 AND 600: A YUEH-YAO CHICKEN-EWER WITH BROWN SPLASHES. THE INGRAM COLLECTION IS PARTICULARLY STRONG IN YUEH WARE. (Height: 9½ ins.)



FIG. 3. "FROM ABOUT THE TIME OF THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS OR OF MAGNA CARTA": A SONG DYNASTY CELADON VASE OF THE FINEST QUALITY AND COLOUR. SUCH PIECES BECAME VERY POPULAR IN EUROPE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. (Height: 9½ ins.)



FIG. 4. A YUEH-YAO AMPHORA DECORATED IN SASSANIAN STYLE: OF ABOUT THE FIFTH CENTURY A.D. THESE PIECES FROM THE INGRAM COLLECTION WILL BE DISPLAYED AT THE MUSEUM OF EASTERN ART, OXFORD. (Height: 16½ ins.)

with its delicate range of tone from greyish-green to bluish-green. It is probably the best-loved of all the Chinese monochromes and was produced in vast quantities throughout the centuries. When it first began to enter Europe in quantity in the seventeenth century, it made a special appeal to the French, who promptly called it by the name of Celadon, a love-lorn shepherd dressed in bluish-green who is a character in a play by Honoré D'Urfé. They seized upon it with enthusiasm and were fond of embellishing it with ormolu mounts. Near-Eastern countries in the Middle Ages valued Celadon bowls and dishes for a more practical reason: they were believed to be capable of detecting the presence of poison in food—a belief which was no doubt a useful point in

PRELIMINARY STUDIES BY A GREAT LANDSCAPE PAINTER:
SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS BY JOHN CONSTABLE
EXHIBITED AT THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM.



"ROOT OF A TREE AT WELL WALK, HAMPSTEAD," BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. (1776-1837): A SUPERB PENCIL DRAWING, DATED "22 SEPT. 1831," IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM, LONDON, E.2. (8½ by 7 ins.)



"BRIGHTON BEACH": DATED "JULY 19, NOON, 1824." THIS EXHIBITION AT THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM, WHICH CONTINUES UNTIL DECEMBER 30, IS DRAWN ENTIRELY FROM THE COLLECTION GIVEN TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM BY CONSTABLE'S DAUGHTER, ISABEL, IN 1888. (Oil on paper; 5½ by 11½ ins.)



"ON THE ORWELL AT IPSWICH": AN EARLY DRAWING DATED "5TH OCTR. 1803." (Pencil with light wash; 9½ by 12½ ins.)



"SALISBURY CATHEDRAL AND COTTAGES": A POWERFUL WATER-COLOUR DRAWING OF A SUBJECT VERY DEAR TO CONSTABLE, WHO WAS COMMISSIONED TO PAINT THE CATHEDRAL BY BISHOP FISHER IN 1822. (9 by 13 ins.)



"BARGE ON THE STOUR": A DRAWING OF 1827 REMINISCENT OF THE FAMOUS PAINTING "THE LEAPING HORSE," EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1825. (Indian ink; 8½ by 13 ins.)



"VIEW AT SALISBURY FROM ARCHDEACON FISHER'S GARDEN." ARCHDEACON FISHER WAS AMONG CONSTABLE'S PRINCIPAL FRIENDS AND PATRONS. (Oil on canvas; 7½ by 9½ ins.)

John Constable, in a lecture given at the end of his life, described painting as "a science," and decried the idealisation of art. "Yet in reality," he said, "what are the most sublime productions of the pencil but selections of some of the forms of nature, and copies of a few of her evanescent effects; and this is the result, not of inspiration, but of long and patient study, under the direction of much good sense." Few would claim that Constable's great landscape paintings lacked inspiration, but the proof that this artist "practised what he preached" lies in the great body of studies and sketches, in a variety of mediums, which he left behind him. Miss Isabel Constable, the artist's daughter, gave and bequeathed a large collection of these sketches to the Victoria and Albert (then the South Kensington) Museum in 1888. A selection of these is now to be seen in the interesting exhibition, "Sketches by John Constable, R.A.," which continues at the Bethnal Green

Museum, Cambridge Road, London, E.2, until December 30. Many of these sketches and drawings are preparatory studies for some of Constable's most famous paintings. They illustrate most clearly how carefully Constable prepared and planned a major composition. His friend and biographer, C. S. Leslie, accuses Constable of having neglected the details of his paintings in order to improve the effect of the whole. Yet drawings such as that of the "Root of a Tree at Well Walk" (illustrated above) would seem to be ample proof that Constable achieved the true essence of the trees in his paintings by mastering first of all the absolute details of the subject. This is also proved convincingly by Constable's meticulous studies of skies and cloud formations. That his skies are so effective is very largely due to this careful preparatory study. In this exhibition at the Bethnal Green Museum the full significance of Constable's preparatory work is magnificently illustrated.

AUSTRALIA'S LYREBIRD: NEW OBSERVATIONS OF ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND MYSTERIOUS OF LIVING BIRDS.



(Above.)
IN SEPTEMBER 1954: ONE OF SPOTTY'S LYRATE FEATHERS IS CLEARLY VISIBLE, AS IS ONE FILAMENTARY, WHICH IS IN ADVANCE OF THE OTHERS.



(Right.)
IN EARLY ADOLESCENCE: A YOUNG LYREBIRD WITH TWO SETS OF LYRATES (JUVENILE AND SECONDARY) AND SOME PLAIN FEATHERS SHOWING SIGNS OF THE MOST REMARKABLE *IN SITU* TRANSFORMATION.



Continued.

life history remain undescribed. Comparatively little is on record concerning the social life of the lyrebird or the remarkable changes which occur before the male bird matures. During this period, which may be as long as seven or eight years, the young bird takes his place in the family group and learns the laws of his tribe as well as how to sing in a manner worthy of his sire; then he enters the adolescent phase, during which a remarkable transformation takes place in his tail feathers. The 'first year' lyrate feathers are replaced by a pair of 'secondary' lyrates, and both may be carried for some time. Later, long after the 'first year' lyrates have been shed, a third pair of lyrates is grown, and both 'secondary' and 'tertiary' lyrates may be carried for some time before the former are shed. . . . The development of the filamentary feathers is a remarkable process. Firstly, as adolescence proceeds, the plain fully-webbed feathers 'split,' due to the loss of the barbicules, and the barbs become 'filaments.' The 'filaments' are longer and much finer at the extremities than the corresponding barbs in the fully-webbed feather. Later, some of the barbs are discarded, though the 'operation' leaves no trace on the central shaft (rachis). The extent

Dr. L. H. Smith, of Victoria, Australia, has spent over twenty years studying and observing Australia's premier songster, the lyrebird, and he contributed an illustrated article on it in our issue of February 11, 1950. Since then Dr. Smith has "broken a great deal of new ground," particularly with regard to the development of the adult male lyrebird's tail during the moulting and regrowth periods, and the development of the young male lyrebird. Dr. Smith, whose photographs are reproduced on these pages, writes:—

"THE magic of the lyrebird's song and the beauty of the plumage of the male during display have attracted world-wide interest in this species. Yet the most interesting aspects of the lyrebird's

[Continued below, left.]



THE CHANGING TAIL FEATHER OF AN ADOLESCENT MALE LYREBIRD. THE FEATHERS "SPLIT" AND THE BARBS BECOME "FILAMENTS."



AT PROBABLY THREE YEARS OLD: AN IMMATURE MALE LYREBIRD SHOWING THE PLAIN, BROAD TAIL FEATHERS, WHICH ARE LATER CONVERTED INTO FILAMENTARY FEATHERS.



(Left.)
SERENADING HIS MATE: A LYREBIRD SEEN WITH HIS BEAK WIDE OPEN AT THE END OF HIS IMITATION OF THE WHIPBIRD'S CALL.

(Right.)
A MALE LYREBIRD WITH HIS TAIL RAISED IN DISPLAY. THE NEW TAIL TAKES APPROXIMATELY FOUR MONTHS TO GROW AFTER THE MOULT.

to which this change proceeds varies in individual birds, but at a certain stage, the feather showing *in situ* transformation is shed, and a normal filamentary feather grows. . . . The two median plumes of the juvenile lyrebird elongate considerably and at some stage 'sprout' filaments. Presumably, these are ultimately converted into or replaced by filamentary feathers. This change has not yet been followed to completion, though it has been observed and photographed. . . . At a certain stage, ranging from July to November (and sometimes later), the mature male lyrebird moults his entire tail of sixteen feathers, and then grows a new one in time to serve its biological functions during the next season. The rugged character and denseness of the vegetation of the lyrebird's habitat, coupled with the generally timid nature of the bird, make co-ordinated scientific observation of the species exceedingly difficult. Nevertheless, over a period of nearly twenty years, it has fortunately been possible to find a few birds which have tolerated human intrusion to a surprising degree. One such bird was the famous *Timothy*, who lived for at least twenty-six years, and did not depart until the end of the 1953

[Continued above, centre.]

THE LYREBIRD'S TAIL: A REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION IN ADOLESCENCE; AND THE MOULTING OF THE MATURE MALE.



A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE END OF A LYRATE FEATHER OF A MATURE MALE LYREBIRD. THE MATURE LYREBIRD MOULTS HIS ENTIRE TAIL.

(Continued.) season. Though admirable from the general photographic viewpoint, since he bore no peculiar markings, it was not possible to identify him with the certainty required by Science, when he was out of his usual territory or in moult. However, for the past five years, I have closely observed another mature male, which may be readily identified because he bears several light grey areas ('pigmentation faults') on his breast and neck. . . . Thanks to *Spotty*, it has been possible to gather some information concerning the moulting of the mature male. I first

(Continued below.)



IN OCTOBER 1954: THE "WINDOWS" IN SPOTTY'S LYRATE FEATHERS ARE NOW VISIBLE. NOTE THAT THE BIRD HAS A WORM IN ITS BEAK.



A VIEW OF THE LYREBIRD'S TAIL SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BARBS OUT OF THE RACHIS OF THE LYRATE FEATHER.



AN IMMATURE MALE LYREBIRD WITH ONLY ONE PLAIN FEATHER REMAINING. THE MATURE LYRATES HAVE BEEN GROWN AND THE IMMATURE LYRATES DROPPED.



(Left.) SPOTTY STRETCHING A WING DURING ONE OF HIS FREQUENT PREENINGS. NOTE THAT THE BIRD'S LEG IS PUSHED BACKWARDS THROUGH THE WING FEATHERS.

(Right.) SPOTTY WITH HIS COMPLETED TAIL IN MAY 1955. THE LYRATES HAVE NINETEEN "WINDOWS" AND THE LENGTH OF THE TAIL IS ABOUT 27-28 INS.



(Continued.)

noted him on April 10, 1950; then he changed his territory and I lost touch with him until July 27, 1952, when I found him feeding. He had already dropped one of his lyrates. A fortnight later, I was unable to find him again. The many filamentary feathers in his territory, however, indicated that moulting was proceeding. A week later (August 16, 1952) I found him carrying two filamentary feathers only, and his new little lyrates were just visible from a favourable angle. I failed to find him on August 23 (though I found his two remaining filamentary feathers), and indeed, although I spent a ten-days' holiday in this area and searched daily, I was unable to locate him again that season. At least I felt sure now that the moulting period was approximately one month. It was not until August 1954 that I was able to procure the necessary photographic flash equipment to continue this study. Thereafter, for four months I spent every available hour with *Spotty* and now have a reliable record of the growth of the lyrebird's tail, after the moulting. . . . From these observations it became clear that the new tail takes approximately four months to grow; or relating this to the lyrate, a little more than one

'window' per week. From measurements made on other lyrate feathers with the same number of 'windows,' it is estimated that *Spotty's* tail feathers are 27-28 ins. in length. These studies suggest that the moulting and regrowth of the tail feathers are part of a co-ordinated biological plan, executed under the influence of appropriate hormones but varying somewhat with seasonal and individual bird characteristics. During the regrowth period, the feathers develop in three dimensions, being supplied with nutritive pulp for a period of approximately four months—thereafter the growth factor is withheld. . . . That a condition of quiescence can be maintained in a tail feather for the remaining six or seven months of the year receives further support from our observations on the development of the tail feathers of immature males. In this case, there is progressive but slow three-dimensional growth for a period of, perhaps, six years; then the rate of growth is accelerated, particularly in the case of the median plumes, whilst other changes occur also. In the case of the mature lyrate feathers, there is entirely new growth and the immature lyrates retain their passive condition for some time, then drop, while the mature lyrates remain."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A CATERPILLAR STAMPEDES THE BIRDS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN our establishment, by which I mean the house and garden, including the non-human occupants, very little is wasted. When feeding a miniature menagerie vegetable and animal products are at a premium. Even the insect vermin from the kitchen garden is collected and fed into the aviaries, thus achieving two ends, one of which is to give the captive birds something near to their natural diet. It was the adherence to this principle, combined with one of my rare moments of virtue, that resulted in an interesting experiment.

My wife had laboriously planted some rows of cabbage plants, and now that they were hearting up she discovered they were infested with caterpillars. She came in to me to ask how she could get rid of them, and although I was deeply immersed in something far more interesting, I volunteered at once to go out and deal with the pest. That was my moment of virtue. The adherence to a principle was in taking a jar, into which I put the caterpillars as I hand-picked them from the cabbage leaves, in order to take them to the aviaries. It is a pity to have to admit to a lamentable ignorance in this matter, for I was not aware that these particular caterpillars were so completely *personae non gratae* with birds that will otherwise take a great variety of other insects.

The first aviary I visited contained a crow. He flew across, as usual, the moment I held up my hand to the wires, landed on a perch a few inches from the wire, looked at the caterpillar held out to him, and immediately put on an expression of utter disgust. To put it in this way lays me open to the time-honoured accusation of indulging in anthropomorphism. Even so, I am prepared to repeat that the crow showed disgust. It looked somewhat sideways at the caterpillar, with the beak held pointing almost vertically downwards. There was something in the way the body was drawn up, too, which conveyed the impression that the bird viewed the caterpillar with extreme distaste. He made no attempt to take it, but maintained this expression of disgust all the time I stood there proffering the caterpillar. As I turned to walk away, he wiped his beak vigorously on the perch.

The caterpillars were of the cabbage white butterfly, of the kind, that is, which occasionally cause such devastation on fields of cabbages. Their colours are black and greenish-yellow, the pattern being somewhat broken. The combination of black and yellow is widely seen in animals, and especially insects, that are either unpalatable or have poisonous properties, but it is usual in such instances for the colours to form bold patterns, as in wasps. My experience is that a crow rejects little in the way of insect food, but this crow left me in no doubt that this caterpillar was quite unacceptable.

In the next aviary was a jackdaw. He also comes over immediately one goes near him. His reaction this time was to fly over eagerly as usual, but instead of flying on to the wire, hanging on it by his toes and endeavouring to put his beak through the meshes, he landed on a perch 6 ins. from the caterpillar. There he remained, still, except for movements of the head, as he surveyed

the caterpillar, first with his head cocked this way, then that, but he made no move to take it. He did not clean his bill on the perch, but although his attitude was less expressive, it was no less definite that the caterpillar was unacceptable.

The jays were next. Both cock and hen accepted a caterpillar, with some hesitation, and having taken it in the beak, each flew from one perch to another, putting the caterpillar down on the perch, picking it up again, and behaving as if quite uncertain what to do. Finally, each bird deposited a caterpillar in one of the numerous

rejection of the caterpillars by two of them, and the diffident acceptance by the other two, was apparently rooted in an inherited ability to recognise a distasteful object.

The next test was with *Corbie*, the rook. He has never failed before to accept something held out to him. If the object is edible, he eats it; if it is non-edible but can be pulled to pieces, he does this; if it can not be pulled to pieces, he buries it; but he always takes it. This time, he flew over eagerly as I held my hand to the wires, touched down on a perch, looked at the caterpillar and, before his wings had fully closed, he spread them and flew away as if in panic. With intervals of time between each trial I tested him again and again. The reaction was the same each time. The rook showed almost as much panic as he does, characteristically, to a piece of black cloth being flapped. *Corbie* was hand-reared but has at times had complete freedom. If, however, his revulsion at the sight of these caterpillars had been the result of learning by experience, then we must suppose his memory in this particular to be longer than for other events in which he has been tested.

The behaviour of these birds in the presence of the caterpillars is the more remarkable in view of another circumstance. My elder son has carried out a series of experiments designed to test colour preferences in precisely these birds. In the tests he has used quantities of coloured beads, and of materials similar in size and colour to the beads. The results so far are inconclusive although they indicate certain trends, which need now to be followed up and each subjected to more critical test. A general result was obtained which has some application to the present discussion. The beads and other materials used were coloured white, blue and red, as well as green, yellow and black. They were selected also to give varying shades of these colours, and varying brightnesses; and different sizes and shapes were used.

The only point that matters here is that although there appeared to be some indications of an order of preference for the colours, varying perhaps with the individual or with the species, none proved unacceptable. Certainly, none of the colours or shades of colours, nor the patterns or combinations in which they were placed before the birds, caused the quite remarkable, in some instances violent, reactions evoked by the caterpillars.

This seems to indicate that the inherited dislike is not solely due to colours, or patterns of colours, but to these in combination with, probably, the total shape of the caterpillar. It may be that the fact of the body of the caterpillar being clothed in white hairs has something to do with the reaction evoked. On the other hand, none of the four species tested has rejected insects of other orders bearing hairs as part of their normal equipment. A repellent odour from the caterpillars cannot be ruled out, but is unlikely to be operative with birds.

There is, unfortunately, nothing conclusive to be derived from these observations except this: that they indicate why such plagues of these caterpillars receive no natural check.



THE CATERPILLARS THAT THE CORVIDÆ REJECTED: A PAIR OF CABBAGE WHITE CATERPILLARS, BLACK AND GREENISH-YELLOW, WITH WHITE HAIRS. ON THIS PAGE DR. BURTON SPECULATES ON THE REASONS WHY A CROW, A JACKDAW, TWO JAYS AND A ROOK SHOULD ALL REFUSE TO EAT THEM, WITH VARYING DEGREES OF REVULSION.

Photograph by Maurice G. Sawyers.

corners where they cache all manner of objects. When each was given another caterpillar the same behaviour ensued, except that, in the end, the hen swallowed hers. She swallowed it with diffidence, with the beak open as if ready at a moment to reject it, and with an overall air of being prepared "to try anything once," but not being very sure of the result.

Each of these four birds was hand-reared from nestlings. Each is hand-tame and will accept anything from the hand, edible or non-edible. There is almost a practical certainty that two of them could never have had first-hand experience of this species of caterpillar; and there is the high degree of probability that neither of the other two had had such experience. The complete

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE AND OCCASIONS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



FRANKFURT BURGOMASTER DIES: DR. WALTER KOLB.

Dr. Walter Kolb, who had been Chief Burgomaster of his native city of Frankfurt-am-Main since 1946, died on Sept. 20. Dr. Kolb joined the Social Democratic Party in 1920 and devoted his life to public and political work. His career as Mayor of Frankfurt was an outstanding success, despite post-war difficulties.



ELECTED DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF F.A.O.: MR. B. R. SEN. On Sept. 20 Mr. B. R. Sen, the Indian Ambassador to Japan, was elected Director-General of the Food and Agriculture Organisation, whose headquarters are in Rome. Mr. Sen, who was elected in the third and final ballot, is the first Asian to head any of the United Nations organisations.



PIONEER OF ATOMIC RESEARCH: THE LATE DR. F. SODDY. Dr. Frederick Soddy, F.R.S., Emeritus Lee's Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford, died at Brighton on Sept. 22, at the age of seventy-nine. Dr. Soddy's distinguished academic career reached its climax with his appointment to Oxford in 1919. His most important work was his research into atomic disintegration.



A NEW S.A. POST: MAJOR-GEN. H. B. KLOPPER. On Sept. 23 Major-General H. B. Kloppe assumed the appointment of Commandant-General of the Union Defence Forces of South Africa. This appointment is new and replaces that of Chief of the General Staff in South Africa and will have a rank equivalent to full General.



ENDING HIS EUROPEAN TOUR: CHARLES MUNCH, CONDUCTOR OF THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA. The Boston Symphony Orchestra ended its European tour with two concerts at London's Royal Festival Hall on Sept. 24 and 25. Dr. Charles Munch, the orchestra's musical director, conducted the first of these. During its tour the orchestra also appeared at the Edinburgh Festival.



THE MASTER OF THE EMPIRE CHUB: CAPT. HARVEY.

While the Ministry of Transport freighter *Empire Chub* (716 tons) was at Benghazi, 16 of the crew of 22 defected as the result of enticements from Egyptian Embassy staff there. With the remainder of the crew and without a pilot, Captain Harvey sailed his ship to Malta on Sept. 20.



A CONSECRATION OF BISHOPS AT WESTMINSTER: DR. FISHER WITH (LEFT) THE NEW BISHOP SUFFRAGAN OF CROYDON AND (RIGHT) THE BISHOP OF BERMUDA.

On September 1, at Westminster Abbey, Dr. Fisher, the Archbishop of Canterbury, consecrated Canon J. T. Hughes as Bishop Suffragan of Croydon and Canon A. L. E. Williams as Bishop of Bermuda. Canon Hughes has been Canon Missioner at Southwark Cathedral since 1948 and succeeds Bishop Bardsley, who has been translated to Coventry. Canon Williams was an honorary Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1940, and more recently an honorary Canon of Winchester.



A NOTED IMPRESARIO: THE LATE MR. JACK DE LEON.

Mr. Jack de Leon, who founded the "Q" Theatre in 1924, died in Surrey on Sept. 21, aged fifty-five. After a very early start in the theatre, he took up management at the "Q" Theatre, where he produced many important new plays. He himself wrote a number of plays latterly for radio and TV.



THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN ON WATER: MR. DONALD CAMPBELL.

On Sept. 19 Mr. Donald Campbell, in *Bluebird*, broke his own world water speed record by achieving 225.63 m.p.h. on Coniston Water, Lancs.



ACROSS THE ATLANTIC ALONE IN A SLOOP: MR. G. HAMILTON.

On September 18 Mr. Gordon Hamilton reached Rimouski, Quebec, after a lone voyage across the Atlantic in his sloop *Salmo*. He had left Glasgow on August 1.



THE NEW PAKISTAN CABINET FORMED BY MR. SUHRAWARDY, WHO HAS DECIDED TO TAKE CHARGE OF SEVEN PORTFOLIOS IN HIS GOVERNMENT.

On Sept. 13 Mr. Suhrawardy announced his Cabinet. The members are seen here: (front row; l. to r.) Syed Amjad Ali (Finance), Mian Jaffer Shah (Communications), the Prime Minister, with his granddaughter, Mir Ghulam Ali Talpur (Interior), and Sardar Amir Azam Khan (Information, Broadcasting and Parliamentary Affairs). (Back row; l. to r.) Dildar Ahmed (Food and Agriculture), Abdul Khaleque (Labour and Works), Malik Firoz Khan (Foreign Affairs), the President, and Abul Mansur Ahmed (Commerce and Industries).



ARAB RULERS OF OIL-RICH STATES MEET: KING FAISAL OF IRAQ (LEFT) WITH KING SAUD OF SAUDI ARABIA DURING THEIR MEETING AT DAMMAM.

On September 20 King Faisal of Iraq, who had been cruising in his Royal yacht in the Persian Gulf, met King Saud of Arabia at the Saudi Arabian oil port of Dammam. Since these are the rulers of two of the richest oil countries of the Middle East and are therefore most vitally affected by the Suez Canal crisis, their meeting is of great significance. Their statement affirmed that "their viewpoints agreed on the aims of their policies in the interest of the Arab nations now and in the future."

FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO MOSCOW: A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF CAMERA



CELEBRATING ITS SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY: THE CITY OF JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA, SEEN FROM THE AIR, WITH THE FAMOUS GOLDMINES IN THE DISTANCE. On September 14, several weeks of celebrations began in Johannesburg to mark the seventieth anniversary of the city's foundation. Now the largest city in South Africa, Johannesburg was founded after the discovery of the rich goldmines in the Witwatersrand.



BREAD QUEUES IN PARIS—AS THE RESULT OF A BAKERS' STRIKE: PARISIANS OF THE 10TH ARRONDISSEMENT AWAITING A DISTRIBUTION AT A CITY HALL. On September 20, Paris bakers went on strike in protest against the Government's refusal to allow a price increase on the loaf. On the Government's requisitioning of their bakeries, the strike was called off at mid-day on September 21, partly also as a result of public hostility.



A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY FRESCO DISCOVERED IN THE THIRTEENTH TO FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH OF SAN MARCO, MILAN. In the Gothic church of San Marco, in Milan, and near the tomb of the church's founder, Blessed Lanfranco Sestini, a crucifixion in fresco has been revealed below a plaster covering and is now being restored. The upper part is damaged.



A MAJOR ATTRACTION AT THE FRENCH NAVAL SHOW, WHICH WAS TO OPEN IN PARIS ON SEPTEMBER 28: A SKILFULLY-BUILT MODEL OF THE FRENCH DESTROYER *SURCOUF* DISPLAYED ON ONE OF THE FAMOUS QUAYS.



A DISASTER IN SLOW MOTION: A 350-TON STEEL BRIDGE SECTION AT DUSSELDORF PULLING OVER A FLOATING CRANE AND FALLING INTO THE RHINE. On September 19, while a 100-ft.-long steel bridge section was being lowered into position for a new bridge over the Rhine at Dusseldorf, the section tilted, broke the hawsers and caused the collapse of one of the cranes. One person was injured.



A NEW FRENCH MILITARY AIRCRAFT: THE *ETENDARD IV*, A CARRIER-BORNE FIGHTER, PRODUCED BY THE MARCEL DASSAULT FACTORY, SEEN TAKING OFF. This new aircraft is a prototype and comes from the same factory as that which produces the *Mystere* and the *Ouargun* fighters. Little information is available; but it is armed with two 30-mm. cannon and thirty-two rockets, and can carry two Napalm bombs.

NEWS FROM MANY COUNTRIES.



FIRE ON AN ELEVATED RAILWAY, WITH A GRANDSTAND VIEW FROM THE ROADWAY BELOW: A RAILWAY DISASTER IN CHICAGO, WHEN FIRE BROKE OUT ON SEPTEMBER 19. In a train running on an elevated railway at Chicago on September 19, fire broke out and four wooden coaches out of the train's total of seven were destroyed. The passengers were able to scramble to safety. The photograph was taken by a passing motorist.



THE SPLENDID SCENE IN THE HALL OF THE KNIGHTS AT THE HAGUE, WHEN QUEEN JULIANA OPENED THE NEW SESSION OF THE STATES-GENERAL WITH HER SPEECH FROM THE THRONE ON SEPTEMBER 18. CROWN PRINCESS BEATRIX (RIGHT OF THRONE) ATTENDED FOR THE FIRST TIME.



"THERE SHE BLOWS"—IN DURBAN HARBOUR: A 45-FT. WHALE (SAID TO BE A RIGHT WHALE) WITH HER CALF—BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST TO ENTER THE HARBOUR ALIVE. THEY HAVE BEEN DUBBED WINNIE AND CLARENCE.



THE INTERNATIONAL TEAM CHESS CHAMPIONSHIPS IN MOSCOW: IN THE HALL OF THE CENTRAL THEATRE OF THE SOVIET ARMY. In the International Team Tournament held in Moscow, Russia held a comfortable lead in the Senior Group and had scored 28 and 1 adjourned by the end of Round 10, with Yugoslavia second with 23 and 2 adjourned. Great Britain was eighth with 17 and 1 adjourned. Twelve countries were competing in this group, and there were three groups.



HELPING LOYAL ALGERIANS TO PROTECT THEMSELVES: A FRENCH GENERAL HANDING OUT SHOTGUNS TO THE POPULATION OF AN ALGERIAN VILLAGE AT A RALLY. French activity against the Algerian terrorists has recently taken two forms: vigorous action against rebel headquarters, with heavy casualties to the rebels; and the uncovering of an alleged Communist network at Oran and Orléansville, which included some European members.

THE STRANGE NARCOTIC SNUFFS OF EASTERN COLOMBIA: THEIR SOURCE, PREPARATION—AND EFFECT ON AN AMERICAN BOTANIST.

By DR. RICHARD EVANS SCHULTES, PH.D., F.L.S., of the Botanical Museum of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

(In our issue of December 31, 1955, Dr. Schultes described a new and extremely beautiful narcotic tree, *Methysticodendron amesianum*. South America is full of little-known narcotics, and here Dr. Schultes describes the sources of a narcotic snuff; and also its effect on himself as a self-observed "guinea-pig.")

WE have known for many years that a number of tribes of Indians in the north-western part of the Amazon Valley and elsewhere have made snuff from the tobacco plant. But there have been other snuffs which have attracted scientific attention.

For more than a century we have known that the Indians of northern South America prepare a very violently intoxicating snuff from the seeds of a tree belonging to the bean family (*Leguminosæ*). The name of the tree is *Piptadenia peregrina*, but the snuff is called *yopo* or *paricá*. It was the famous explorer von Humboldt who, in 1802, observed the fabrication and use of *yopo*-snuff amongst the Otowaco and Guahibo Indians in Colombia and Venezuela. His observations were followed by those of Sir Robert Schomburgk, who explored British Guiana from 1835 to 1839, and who likewise attributed the narcotic to this leguminous tree. A few years later, in 1854, the outstanding botanist-explorer, Richard Spruce, met with the drug on the Orinoco River and identified it as coming from seeds of the same tree. Later explorers have encountered it and described the extraordinary and frightening effects which it produces when inhaled. So *yopo*-snuff is comparatively well known to-day, even though there is still much of a chemical and medical nature to investigate.

So common in certain areas is the use of tobacco and *yopo* in the form of snuff that most writers and scientists were wont to believe that all intoxicating snuffs must be either one or the other. How wrong they were has only recently been shown with the identification of several species of trees in the nutmeg family (*Myristicaceæ*) as the source of a far more active and toxic snuff which the witch-doctors of certain tribes employ in the pursuit of their sorcery. The snuff is made actually from a blood-red resinous exudation from the bark of several species of *Virola*: *V. calophylla* (Fig. 1), *V. calophylloidea* (Fig. 2), *V. elongata*, and possibly other species.

[The famous German ethnologist, Theodor Koch-Grünberg, reported that the Yekwana tribe in Venezuela used a snuff, called *haku-dufha*, made from the bark of a tree; and in 1938 Adolpho Ducke referred to a narcotic snuff made from the leaves of certain *Virola* species in the Upper Rio Negro in Brazil.]

Apparently this is the first reference in scientific literature to the use of *Virola* in the preparation of a narcotic snuff. This absorbing discovery was relegated to a short note in highly technical scientific papers and went no further until, about thirteen years later, the writer encountered the drug in Colombia. It was in 1951 on the unexplored Rio Apaporis that I first learned of the preparation of the snuff from my Puinave Indian helpers, but later investigation disclosed its use amongst the Kuripako, Kubeos, Barasanas, Taiwanos, Tukanos and Makunas, all living in jungles of Eastern Colombia. The Puinave Indians know both the *yopo*-snuff and that made from *Virola*-bark, and they distinguish between the two. The *Virola*-snuff, which, in Puinave, is called *yakee*, is by far the stronger and more dangerous of the two, they assert.

The preparation of *yakee* is relatively simple. I have seen it made by Indians of several different tribes; and in all cases it is the bark that is used, and all natives

who have prepared *yakee* for me, or who have described its fabrication, insist that only the bark can be employed.

The Indians usually strip the bark from the trees during the early hours of the morning, before the sun has begun to penetrate the forest canopy to heat up the trunk (Fig. 4). Large strips of the bark, which peel easily from the cambium,

are torn from the trunk and tied into loose bundles. Almost immediately upon separation of the bark from the tree, a profuse exudation or "bleeding" of a thick, reddish, resin-like liquid, which soon becomes viscous, oozes forth from the inner surface of the bark in small drops. The active principle is contained in this exudation. According to the Indians, this exudation is greatly reduced in quantity and is weaker in its narcotic effects when the trunk of the *Virola* tree has received the warmth of the sun's rays.

The bundles of bark are brought in and placed in water for about half an hour. Then they are taken out, and the soft inner layer, on the surface of which the red exudation has congealed, is rasped off with a knife or machete. The shavings or raspings are thrown into an earthen pot or enamel tray, and the rest of the bark is discarded. When enough shavings have been accumulated, a small amount of water is added, and the mass is thoroughly kneaded and squeezed (Fig. 5). The water becomes muddy and assumes a brownish or tan hue. This turbid liquid is strained several times, usually through a piece of finely hammered bark-cloth (prepared from a species of *Olmedia*), into a small-mouthed earthenware pot. The residual shavings, when as much of the water has been expressed as possible, are thrown away. Enough water is added to the strained liquid to fill the pot, which is then set to simmer over a slow

fire. From time to time, a sordid foam, which rises to the surface, must be scraped off with a piece of bark. The boiling is allowed to continue for three or four hours until nothing remains except a thick, dark-brown syrup at the bottom of the pot. This syrup must not be dried rapidly over a fire; the pot is set in the sun, and the syrup is permitted to solidify slowly (Fig. 6). When nothing but a dry, brown crust is left, the residue is scraped free from the pot and is ground into a fine powder with a water-smoothed stone as a pestle and the pot or an enamelware tray as a mortar. It is then ready to be mixed with ashes which have been made, meanwhile, from the bark of a small, wild cacao tree (*Theobroma subincanum*). Usually equal amounts of volume of ashes and *yakee*-powder are used. When they are thoroughly mixed, the product is put into a small bag made of finely-hammered bark or cloth, and is sifted through the bag by means of a gentle

beating against the side of a small-mouthed receptacle. The resulting dust is the final snuff. It is kept either in a small glass bottle, tightly corked, or else, more traditionally, in a type of jar made from a large snail-shell to which a hollow bird-bone tube has been fixed with pitch. This tube is stopped with a plug of feathers glued together with pitch at the basal end to form a tight-fitting stopper.

The consumption of *yakee*-snuff is limited to the medicine-men and is, therefore, small. Since it is said to lose its intoxicating properties rather rapidly, even when in a tight container, it is made in small amounts and frequently.

It may be of interest to append a few observations which I was able to make personally after

taking *yakee*-snuff. I took about one-third of a level teaspoonful of the drug in two inhalations, using the characteristic V-shaped bird-bone apparatus by means of which the natives blow the powder into the nostrils (Fig. 7). This represents about one-quarter the dose usually absorbed by a diagnosing medicine-man, who takes about one slightly heaped teaspoonful in two or three inhalations at close intervals (of approximately fifteen or twenty minutes).

The dose was snuffed at five o'clock one afternoon. Within fifteen minutes a drawing sensation over the eyes was felt, followed very shortly by a strong-tingling in the fingers and toes. The drawing sensation in the forehead rapidly gave way to a strong and constant headache. Within one half-hour, there was a numbness of the feet and hands and an almost complete disappearance of sensitivity of the finger-tips; walking was possible with difficulty, as in a case of *beri-beri*. Nausea was felt until about eight o'clock, accompanied by a general feeling of lassitude and uneasiness. Shortly after eight, I lay down in my hammock, overcome with a heavy drowsiness which, however, seemed to be accompanied by a muscular excitation, except in the extremities of the hands and feet. At about nine-thirty, probably, I fell into a fitful sleep which continued, with frequent awakenings, until morning. The strong headache over the eyes lasted until noon. A profuse and uncomfortable sweating, especially of the armpits, and what might have been a slight fever, lasted from about six o'clock all through the night. There was a strong dilatation of the pupils during the first few hours of the experiment. No food was taken and no tobacco was smoked from the time the experiment began until one o'clock in the afternoon—that is, for twenty hours during the course of the experiment.

Since this experiment was performed under primitive conditions in the jungle, all observations had to be made by myself. In spite of its many and serious shortcomings, the experiment indicates the narcotic strength of the snuff. [Continued opposite.



FIG. 1. ONE OF THE CHIEF SOURCES OF THE NARCOTIC SNUFF, *YAKEE*, USED BY WITCH DOCTORS OF THE EASTERN COLOMBIAN INDIANS: *VIROLA CALOPHYLLA*, A TREE OF THE RIVERSIDE SWAMPS.

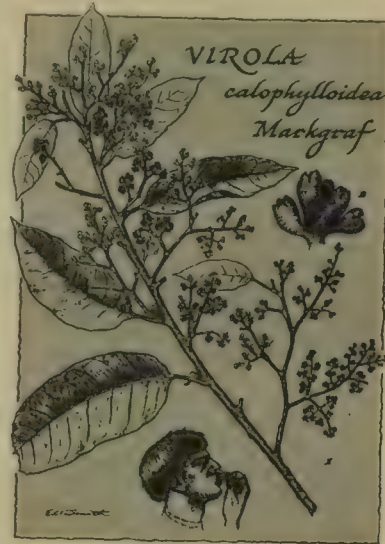


FIG. 2. LIKE *V. CALOPHYLLA*, A FAIRLY CLOSE RELATIVE OF THE NUTMEG FAMILY, AND A SOURCE OF NARCOTIC SNUFF, WHICH IS MADE FROM THE BARK: *VIROLA CALOPHYLLOIDEA*.

This and Fig. 1 are reproduced from drawings by E. W. Smith, by courtesy of the Botanical Museum of Harvard University.



FIG. 3. AN AERIAL VIEW OF PART OF THE RIO VAUPES, IN AMAZONIAN COLOMBIA: A DISTRICT IN WHICH THE *VIROLA* SPECIES, THE TREES FROM WHOSE BARK *YAKEE*-SNUFF IS MADE, ARE ABUNDANT.

The trees of the *Virola* species, from whose bark the narcotic *Yakee*-snuff is made, grow in riverside districts which are subject to deep annual flooding; and such districts are found in parts of the two rivers Apaporis and Vaupés. These two rivers rise in Eastern Colombia and flow south-eastwards, the Apaporis joining the Japura, a tributary of the Amazon; the Vaupés joining the Negro, which joins the Amazon at Manaus.

COLOMBIAN INDIANS PREPARING NARCOTIC SNUFF FOR A U.S. BOTANIST "GUINEA-PIG."



FIG. 4. GATHERING VIROLA-BARK IN THE EARLY MORNING IN THE FLOODED VALLEY OF THE APAPORIS. THE SNUFF IS PREPARED FROM THE INNER BARK.



FIG. 5. PREPARING THE SHAVINGS OF THE INNER BARK OF THE VIROLA-TREE THE RED RESINOUS EXUDATION IS SQUEEZED FROM THESE SHAVINGS.



FIG. 6. THE EXTRACT FROM THE VIROLA-BARK IS REDUCED BY BOILING VERY SLOWLY UNTIL A TREACLY RESIDUE IS LEFT. THIS IS SLOWLY DRIED AND FINELY POWDERED BEFORE MIXING WITH ASH.

Continued.

The dose employed by the medicine-men is sufficient to put them into a deep but disturbed sleep, during which delirious mumblings or, sometimes, shouts are emitted; visual hallucinations or dreams are reported to accompany the narcotic sleep very often. These are "interpreted" by an assistant who awaits the prophetic or divinatory sounds. Some medicine-men, it is said, are affected more violently than others, and uncontrollable twitching of the fingers and facial muscles and a popping of the eyes are not infrequent symptoms. There is one report of the death of a Puinave medicine-man on the Inirida River, whilst he was under the influence of *yakee*. Botanically, it is of extreme interest to find such strong narcotic properties in a member of the nutmeg family. *Virola* is not too distantly related to the plant that supplies the nutmeg and mace of commerce—an Old World tree, *Myristica*



FIG. 7. HOW THE NARCOTIC YAKEE-SNUFF IS TAKEN. THE FINELY-POWDERED RESIN, MIXED WITH WOOD ASH, IS BLOWN INTO THE NOSTRILS THROUGH A DEVICE MADE OF HOLLOW BIRD-BONES.

fragrans. We do not commonly think of this family as poisonous or intoxicating, but narcotic principles have been found in other plants of the *Myristicaceae*. The best-known one is the nutmeg itself. Fatal and near-fatal consequences have attended the careless or criminal use of nutmeg in India. Both nutmeg and mace, of course, are spices, but they are likewise employed as stimulants and carminatives, but in excessive doses they can produce mydriasis, that is to say a morbid dilatation of the pupil of the eyes, and stupor, and mace has been known to bring on dangerous sensorial upsets. The intoxicating and poisonous properties of nutmeg and mace, which spices are supplied by different parts of the fruit of the same tree, are due apparently to a volatile oil called myristicine. Myristicine is known to act as a narcotic and to cause a fatty degeneration of the liver.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

WHO'S WHO?

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT might have been good fun, I dare say, if in the current revival of "Cymbeline," the Old Vic had played Shaw's alternative last act immediately after Shakespeare's. Most of us would have sat cheerfully—I hope the word is right—through another half-hour, and Shaw, in his centenary year, is entitled to his joke, whether we think it good or indifferent.

By now I am getting used to this idea about the Shavian last act, because when Mr. Boas's boys did it at Sloane School a few years ago, I suggested that we should have had Shakespeare's own act as a partner. One day, perhaps, we shall really get them both together. Until then I must rush immediately from the theatre to read t'other dear charmer—and either to cheer or to fume.

Not, let me say at once, that Shaw's act is high literature. One would give all of it for the Shakespearian lines,

Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Even so, it is an amusing bit of mischief, this redrafting of the act as Shakespeare might have written it "if he had been post-Ibsen and post-Shaw instead of post-Marlowe."

In my hall there hangs an original playbill of the pleasant occasion at the Theatrical Garden Party of 1905, when "Passion, Poison, and Petrification" was presented, a one-act piece "by the Chelsea Shakespeare, George Bernard Shaw." Always G.B.S. had Shakespeare very much on his mind.

I wish that somebody had staged a debate on "Cymbeline" between Shaw and my revered fellow-Cornishman, the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. "Q" admired the "twenty-four cumulated dénouements" of the last act of "Cymbeline"—twenty-four in 485 lines—and he quotes Professor Barrett Wendell, who called it "among the most notable bits of dramatic construction anywhere." In contradiction, Shaw described the act as "a tedious string of unsurprising dénouements sugared with insincere sentimentality after a ludicrous stage battle. With one exception the characters have vanished and left nothing but dolls being moved about like the glass balls in the game of solitaire until they are all got rid of but one." And it is here that G.B.S. observes very gravely: "Plot has always been the curse of serious drama, and indeed of serious literature of any kind."

I feel that Michael Benthall, the Old Vic director, must sympathise now and again with the Shavian view of the plot. He has staged the piece against a black, plain background (reminiscent of Jean Vilar's T.N.P. set) so that nothing can withdraw our attention from the unravelling, from the way in which the complicated knots untwist, and, rapidly, light dawns upon character after character in astonished recognition. Personally, I have never found anything tedious in it. It is artifice, but it comes to us like the end of a fairy-tale, and those of us who believe, with "Q," that, of all Shakespeare's heroines Imogen is the crown, the nonpareil, will accept anything in the pleasure of seeing her restored again to happiness and to honour.

Mr. Benthall, I noticed, has had to cut even the Shakespearian scene. He does not allow Cymbeline to exclaim that Guiderius had "upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star; it is a mark of wonder." I have never objected to that mole—it ranks for me with Viola's "My father had a mole upon his brow"—but Mr. Benthall here takes the Shavian view. Shaw, we know, says that he could not keep his countenance over the identification. "That device was killed by

Maddison Morton. . . . In his masterpiece, 'Box and Cox,' Box asks Cox whether he had a strawberry mark on his left arm. 'No,' says Cox. 'Then you are my long-lost brother,' says Box as they fall into one another's arms and end the farce happily." Good; but I miss the mole just as much as I miss the procession of the spectral Leonati—something about which Dr. Johnson may have been thinking when he spoke portentously of "the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct . . . and the impossibility of the events in any system of life."

I must not return again to that procession of the ghosts (which clearly met with Mr. Benthall's first blue-pencil stroke), except once more to set Shaw at odds with a Shakespeare critic: this time with his old colleague, Granville-Barker. According to Granville-Barker, who admires the fifth act and who does not bother about the mole (at least, he does not mention it), nobody would ascribe the jingle of the apparitions to Shakespeare; give it, rather, to "the prompter, possibly, kept in between rehearsal and performance, thumping the stuff out and thumbing it down between bites and

of a penny cord! It sums up thousands in a trice," only to discover that we had passed from the battle to Cymbeline's tent and that Derek Francis, who plays that not very rewarding title-part with a rich authority, was saying already to Belarius and the boys: "Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne."

However, there it is, and we must be grateful for what we have at the Vic—a careful statement of the play, though with only one or two performances that rise above a steady average, and one (the Cloten) that makes drudgery of an admittedly awkward part. Still, it is at least a performance that will not frighten new-comers to one of the most difficult works of Shakespeare to appreciate fully at a first hearing. One is anxious about this, because the Vic, in these days, is full of young people to whom the seldom-acted plays come as new adventures. "Cymbeline," even if we are familiar enough with it elsewhere, has not been done in Waterloo Road since the Ashcroft season of 1932; before many in that deliciously shrieking first-night gallery were born. I love

enthusiasm; I love the Vic; but I wish that the present gallery would tone down a first-night behaviour that is more like a reaction to "rock 'n' roll" than to Shakespeare. It is clearly no more than exuberance; but one does pine for the more reasonably selective enthusiasm of the Old Vic gallery of the nineteen-thirties.

The trouble with the present Vic cast, it seems to me, is its fear of verse. The verse is spoken, but it is insufficiently relished. The light does not shine. For example, the dirge over the presumed body of Fidele, though spoken with feeling, lacks the heart-breaking beauty, the finality, given to it in other years on other stages. And the Iachimo (Derek Godfrey), though he acts the part with a nice feeling for irony, does miss the sensuous rapture of the speech over Imogen asleep. The trunk-work is all very well, but the vocal music is thin at "those windows, white and azure, laced with blue of heaven's own tinct," and at that other mole, "cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops i' the bottom of a cowslip." I would have liked to have seen Mr. Godfrey

in Shaw's last act:

It was the most uncomfortable night
I ever passed.

Imogen, in the Shavian version, has the last speech:

I will not laugh.
I must go home and make the best of it
As other women must.

Whatever else we can take from G.B.S., we cannot take his Imogen. She is one of Shakespeare's glories, and the glory of this strange romance in which, it has been said, the authors of "Snow-White" and the "Decameron" are in league. Imogen is true and proud. "Princess to the marrow though she be" (in Granville-Barker's phrase) she has a lovely simplicity, a golden courage. Barbara Jefford shows all of these things to us in her Old Vic performance. It is this that makes the play; it is this for which I shall remember the revival; it will certainly be long before I forget how Imogen, both in her own person and as Fidele, holds herself with an enchanting grace fitted to an enchanting tale. No; on second thoughts I would like Shaw's impish last act to be played—as a bow to G.B.S.—either on a night when I am not there to see, or else with another Imogen than Miss Jefford. She must remain Shakespeare's to the end.



"NEVER WAS A WAR DID CEASE, ERE BLOODY HANDS WERE WASH'D, WITH SUCH A PEACE": CYMBELINE'S (DEREK FRANCIS) CLOSING WORDS IN THE FINAL SCENE OF THE OLD VIC PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "CYMBELINE," WHICH IS DIRECTED BY MICHAEL BENTHALL. THE WHITE-ROBED IMOGEN (BARBARA JEFFORD) STANDS TO THE KING'S LEFT.

sips of his bread and cheese and ale." Shaw, on the other side—probably just to be capricious—says that the doggerel is "not doggerel: it is a versified masque, in Shakespeare's careless wood-notes wild, complete with Jupiter as *deus ex machina*, eagle and all." He finds it, performed with sufficient splendour, "not only entertaining on the stage, but with the very Shakespearian feature of a comic gaoler which precedes it, just the thing to save the last act."

Mr. Benthall has carved out the whole business, gaoler and all. I regret the last cut. At the Old Vic some of us waited anxiously for "O, the charity

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

VARIETY (Prince of Wales's).—Chic Murray, from Scotland, who holds that we must hear every detail in a story even if we never by any chance reach its point, is a portentously funny comedian of whom we shall know much more. (September 10-22.)

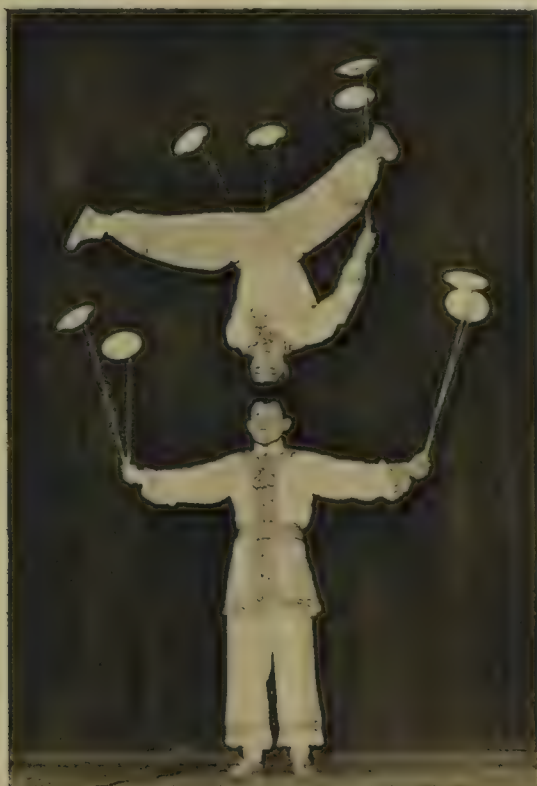
"CYMBELINE" (Old Vic).—The revival, distinguished by Barbara Jefford's Imogen, is discussed on this page. (September 11.)

"MARTHA" (Sadler's Wells).—A thoroughly lively and heartening revival of Flotow's opera—the one with "M'Appari" and "The Last Rose of Summer"—very well sung, in particular, by June Bronhill and Anna Pollak, and by Rowland Jones as Lionel (who becomes, so surprisingly, Earl of Derby). (September 13.)

"HENRY THE FIFTH" (Toynbee Hall).—Michael Croft's Youth Theatre production, manned largely by the boys of Alleyn's School, was a consummate success; and I shall hope to have later chances to write of what ought to be an important organisation. (September 14.)

ANTONIO'S SPANISH BALLET (Palace).—A much-applauded return visit, with several new dances. (September 18.)

ENTERTAINMENT FROM ASIA: THE VARIETY THEATRE OF CHINA IN LONDON.



COMPLETE CONFIDENCE AND MASTERY: A FEAT OF ACROBATIC PLATE SPINNING BY TWO OF THE CHINESE PERFORMERS.



FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD CHEN HAUN-PEN IN HIS THRILLING CHAIR-BALANCING ACT.



A HUMAN "MOBILE": A REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION OF SKILL ON THE "BAR-LESS TRAPEZE."

THE short season given in London at the end of last year by The Classical Theatre of China (illustrated in our issue of October 8, 1955) was remarkable for the superb acrobatic feats achieved by many of the performers. As the photographs on this page show, even more spectacular turns may be seen in the daring performances of The Variety Theatre of China, which was due to start a three-week season at the Princes Theatre, London, on September 28. The Company, which numbers fifty, has been especially engaged in Peking for this European tour. These Chinese acrobats and dancers perform at immensely high speeds, and despite their almost superhuman feats they always remain seemingly fresh and unstrained. The accompanying Chinese orchestra will play in the orchestra pit, and not at the side of the stage, as is customary in Asia.

(Right.) AN ENSEMBLE OF THE COMPANY OF THE VARIETY THEATRE OF CHINA, WHICH WAS DUE TO OPEN AT THE PRINCES THEATRE, LONDON, ON SEPTEMBER 28.



PERFECT CO-ORDINATION AND MUSCULAR CONTROL: A THRILLING MOMENT IN THE "BAR-LESS TRAPEZE" (OR ROPE SUSPENSION) ACT.



AN ACROBATIC HEADACHE! INCREDIBLE GYM-NASTIC FEATS AT THE TOP OF A 15-FT. POLE BALANCED ON A MAN'S HEAD.



JUGGLING FOR HER SUPPER? SOME SKILFUL PLATE JUGGLING BY A WOMAN MEMBER OF THE VARIETY THEATRE OF CHINA.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

ON occasion, one can be so eager to admire and enjoy without reserve that the bias tends to defeat its object; it becomes a morbid proneness to disappointment. And I was all for admiring "Guests of War," by Robin Jenkins (Macdonald; 15s.). This Scottish "proletarian" novelist, the poet of the uncouth masses, of the savage, the simple-minded, the submerged and down-trodden, is in a class by himself; and one would say he had found a perfect theme. On the outbreak of war, hundreds of women and children are to be decanted from the slums of Gowburgh into the refined seclusion of Langrigg, a holiday town among the hills. The operation is being conducted from Gordon Street school; and for us, the centre of exodus is Wallace Street—which may or may not be Gowburgh at its worst. Some of the women stick up for it; others, like fierce, cackling Meg Aitchison, gleefully proclaim it a midden. But no one wants to move out: or only Mrs. McShelvie, who is not entitled to. Her younger children are of school age; her husband is sickly, and her girl Flora needs looking after. Yet—a few will be taken on as helpers. Mrs. McShelvie was condemned to Gowburgh at the age of six; she has endured it with intelligent stoicism, but now her inborn, ineradicable superiority of mind and spirit gasps for fresh air. Even a week at Langrigg would be rebirth. It would also be an act of desertion, and she would expect to pay for it; but nothing should stop her.

At first she is chosen only for the journey. But in the shambles of billeting, some of the invaders—the too-ferocious, like Meg, and the too-prolific, like Mrs. Ross—are repulsed from every door, and have to be shoved pell mell into a big, handsome, but empty house. Of course, it needs someone in charge; and so Mrs. McShelvie gets her respite.

I have omitted nearly the whole substance. As a matter of fact, there is too much; the author sows more than he can reap, and tries to reap where he has not cultivated. First, we have the tragicomical-fantastical exodus, the Gordon Street, or headmaster's comedy, and the reception-comedy: a rich, characteristic sequence. And then there are all the private destinies. There are the bad Baxters—lavishly introduced, but then what? There is Sammy McShelvie, the comic innocent, or pure goodness—hardly sketched in; and Councillor Michaelson, or pure evil, squeezed into a corner. So many supers unemployed, so many contacts unexplored... so much didactic self-consciousness. But still the vision of reality is unique.

OTHER FICTION.

"Comfort me with Apples," by Peter de Vries (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.), though modish, is undeviatingly brilliant and a complete triumph—unless you get irritated with a writer who can't stop being funny, or suspend his machine-gun barrage of quips and aphorisms. Certainly Mr. de Vries never lets up; perhaps in New York it wouldn't do. But here the sally-sprinkling has its rôle; for the narrator and his friend Nickie Sherman start life as the *boulevardiers*, the fatigued aesthetes, the Oscar Wildes of their native Decency, Connecticut. Nuance and paradox are their occupation. Fame lies ahead; indeed, Nickie is at work on a play, set in an English country house called Wise Acres, and getting more rarefied all the time. Chick has no definite line of country, but he has a girl—a milk-white, pin-headed "daughter of the moon," whose father dispenses homely wisdom and Pepigrams (epigrams of an inspirational character) in the local paper. *I must not marry this girl*, Chick has impressed on himself year by year, before declining naturally into a husband, a reluctant Pepigrammatist, and finally the complete "Lamplighter." Nickie marries his sister Lila, and is more startlingly inveigled into pounding a beat. And thus we come to the real imbroglia, featuring a mature siren named Mrs. Thicknesse, and a couple of blackmailers... The confection is pure farce, inexhaustibly sown with verbal comedy; but it is also "criticism of life."

In "The October Country," by Ray Bradbury (Hart-Davis; 15s.), we have a collection of short stories, well described on the jacket as "Tales of Horror and Imagination." His technique is descriptive, cumulative—and perhaps at its best in the long-drawn, truly revolting story of the Mexican mummies, called "The Next in Line." Here—as in his tale of the dwarf and the distorting mirrors—ghastliness has a foundation of moral nausea. Elsewhere he can be purely fantastic; and once he strays into normal, though outsize, cheerfulness. The stories don't all come off; and it is bad policy to read them one after another. But he has a gift.

"One Man's Poison," by Sebastian Fox (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.), is a début on classic lines. Randolph Newington, a bogus, woman-chasing radio pundit with a devout conceit of himself, has arranged a dinner-party. Among those present are his young wife, the nephew he knows to be her lover, the sister-in-law he jilted years ago, a writer he has just stabbed in the back, a reluctantly-doting secretary, and her husband. Also George Lydney, the cherubic solicitor who is to play Sherlock Holmes. The celebration ends with a corpse. What happened is not only too ingenious for plausibility, but faulty on its own merits. But the tale has distinct "class."—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MODERN KNOWLEDGE; THE "DRUM"; AND CULINARY ART.

I AM one of those—we are a large, but not always a very courageous or outspoken body—who do not like to be lectured. And I find the lectures of scientists particularly forbidding. Preferring my universe cosy, I do not care to be told about light-years and space-travel. Preferring it intact, I am even less drawn towards atomic reactors and nuclear fission. If there is any real distinction between scientists and humanists, I suppose I am humanist, but even in this field I find no enticement in the philosophies of Wittgenstein and Sartre, or in the sculpture of Henry Moore. It was, therefore, with mixed feelings that I picked up "The New Outline of Modern Knowledge," edited by Alan Pryce-Jones (Gollancz; 18s.), and began to read the editor's beguiling preface. In it he describes the type of reader whom he had in mind when he began to plan this work—and he might have been describing me, or any other anti-lecturist! True, he politely attributes to us a rather more objective curiosity than most of us possess, but it is a flattering little portrait, and will encourage the doubtful to read on. In the following pages I found essays on all the subjects from which my mind instinctively shies away, but somehow the contributors have contrived to make them seem less ogreish. Criticism of a book of this kind must necessarily be either personal or expert. I will only say that for my part I most enjoyed Mr. Harman Grisewood on "The New Arts of the Twentieth Century," Mr. G. S. Fraser on "Writing," and Professor R. C. Zaehner on "The Religious Instinct." I stood shuddering on the brink before plunging into Mr. François Lafitte's "Social Aims of the Contemporary State"—and I was right. The water was as cold as I had feared. This is a book for dips, not plunges, and the reader will find himself led on to dip deeper and deeper. There is something to be said for the process of acquiring a little knowledge of even the grimmest subjects.

Few subjects, I would say, could be grimmer than that of apartheid in South Africa. From certain points of view, Mr. Anthony Sampson's "Drum" (Collins; 16s.) is even more impressive than Father Trevor Huddleston's "Naught for Your Comfort." Neither writer lacks either heart or head, but the priest makes it clear that he is a man with a mission, whereas the journalist has given us an impressively objective study. As the editor of "Drum," a publication specially designed for Africans, Mr. Sampson found many difficulties. In the end he found himself liked and trusted, but he does not make the mistake of trying to pretend that mutual understanding between Africans and Europeans can be established at the drop of a hat. His stories of revolting cruelty at Bethal and Harmondrie—there is a shocking irony about these place-names—and of conditions in Johannesburg Central Prison make a harder impact because they are related simply as news stories. He makes no attempt, either, to conceal the shortcomings of the Africans—their clottiness, drinking, jiving and gangsterism—so that the nobility and intelligence of a minority of individuals stands out against a generally sordid background. On the other hand, he makes it abundantly plain that their cause is well worth fighting for. Not that the problem can be simply resolved into terms of black and white. It is incredibly complicated. "The slogan of apartheid," writes Mr. Sampson, "echoed down the corridor of colour. Whites scorned playwhites, playwhites scorned Coloureds, Coloureds scorned natives, light Coloureds scorned dark Coloureds. I once saw a well-educated dark Coloured thrown out of a light Coloured party because of his skin." It seems, therefore, to be the height of ingenuousness to suppose that if the South African Government can be induced to drop apartheid, the country will instantly become an earthly Paradise. Pessimists will be tempted to quote Browning:

'Tis the Last Judgment's fire must cure this place,
Calcine its clods and set my prisoners free.

Optimists will hope that books such as "Drum," and the work which it describes, will spread understanding, and they will realise that the bridging of gaps involves both sides of the chasm.

My last two books this week may seem to make a slightly frivolous contrast with the solemn topics which we have been discussing. I greatly welcome Mr. E. M. Hatt's translation of "Real French Cooking"

(Faber; 25s.), by "Savarin" (M. Robert Courtine). There is an almost Rabelaisian gusto about this book, for the excellent menus and recipes are interspersed with poems, line drawings and well-chosen quotations. The section on wine is perhaps too short and elementary in its approach—but the author could not have satisfied scholarship candidates in this subject without trebling the size of his book. A first-class and highly entertaining work.

I cannot say the same of Miss Carolyn Coggins' "Fabulous Foods for People you Love" (Arco; 15s.), about which the kindest comment I can find to make is that the whole book lives up to its title. When I am invited to study "The 'Foundation Garment' for Fine Meals," I lose all appetite for any food whatsoever. I am not over-fond of desserts, but Miss Coggins will not endear her selection to me by labelling them "dramatic." Mr. Philip Harben has contributed a very, very sprightly little preface.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

JUST three years ago I told in these notes of my inauguration of the first "Open Championship." Though the British Chess Federation (whose professed aim is to foster chess) campaigned against it from the start, the event, held in Cheltenham in 1953, in Skegness in 1954 and in Southend in 1955, has maintained its importance; the first prize of £100 has been the highest chess prize of the year each time, the magnificent silver cup donated by Miss Margaret Pugh challenges comparison with any in chess, and publicity has been afforded by the B.B.C. and at least fifty influential periodicals.

This year we went to Whitby, and rarely has a congress been so happy. Whitby liked the chess-players and the chess-players liked Whitby. At the prize-giving ceremony, the Council Chairman invited us back for 1957 and the invitation was accepted with acclamation.

For the first time the title was won by an Englishman. In the three previous years a Frenchman (twice), a New Zealander, an Israeli and a Dutchman had appropriated it, either alone or in partnership. Philip N. Wallis is a forty-nine-year-old company accountant from Quorn who, though in the course of wanderings dictated by his profession he has annexed the county championships of Northamptonshire, Yorkshire, Warwickshire and Leicestershire, not to mention the area championships of the Northern Counties' Chess Union and the Midland Counties' Chess Union, has not caught the eyes of the powers that be when it came to international matches. He ran away from the field with an amazing score of 10½ points from eleven games, only the well-known theorist Leonard Barden, who ended with 9½, challenging him at all.

Wallis's style is marked by originality in the openings and middle game and a determination which seems to increase when an important title is within his grasp. Here are two typical games. In the first, his opponent ruefully realises that 24. P×Kt, Q-Kt3ch! 25. K-R1, B-B8 would have been even worse than the 24. K-R1 Gibbs plays. In the second, a pretty piece sacrifice exposes Black's king quite fatally. 20... Q×R is, of course, sheer desperation.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT, SEMI-SLAV DEFENCE

P. C.	P. N.	P. C.	P. N.
GIBBS	WALLIS	GIBBS	WALLIS
White	Black	White	Black
1. Kt-KB3	P-Q4	15. KR-Q1	Q-Kt4
2. P-Q4	P-K3	16. B-K1	KR-Q1
3. P-B4	P-QB3	17. B-KB3	Q-Kt3
4. Kt-B3	P×P	18. B×Kt	Q×B
5. P-QR4	B-Kt5	19. Kt(B4)-Q6	B×Kt
6. B-Q2	P-QKt3	20. Kt×B	R×Kt
7. P-K3	B-R3	21. R×R	Kt-K4
8. Kt-K5	Kt-B3	22. QR-Q1	P-R4
9. Kt×P(B4)	Castles	23. R(Q6)-Q4	Kt-B6ch
10. B-K2	P-B4	24. K-R1	Kt×R
11. P×P	B×P	25. R×Kt	R-B8
12. Castles	Kt-B3	26. R-Q1	B-B5
13. Kt-Kt5	R-B1		
14. Q-Kt3	Kt-K5		

GRUENFELD DEFENCE

P. N.	P. C.	P. N.	P. C.
WALLIS	DOYE	WALLIS	DOYE
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	14. Kt-Kt3	P-B5
2. P-QB4	P-KKt3	15. B×Pch!	K×B
3. Kt-QB3	P-Q4	16. Q-R5ch	K-B1
4. P×P	Kt×P	17. P-K5	B×P
5. P-K4	Kt×Kt	18. P×B	Q-Kt3ch
6. P×Kt	B-Kt2	19. K-R1	Q-K6
7. B-R3	Castles	20. QR-K1	Q×R
8. B-B4	P-B3(?)	21. R×Q	R-Q1
9. Kt-K2	Q-B2	22. Q-R6ch	K-K1
10. Castles	R-K1	23. Q×RP	P-Kt5
11. P-KB4	P-QKt4	24. Q-Kt8ch	K-Q2
12. B-Kt3	P-QR4	25. R-Q1ch	K-B2
13. P-B5	P×P	26. Q×Rch and wins.	



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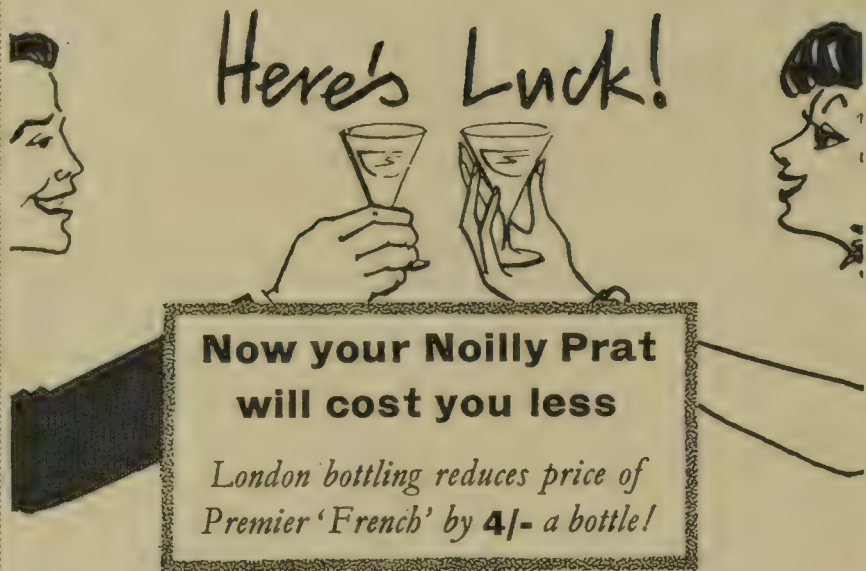


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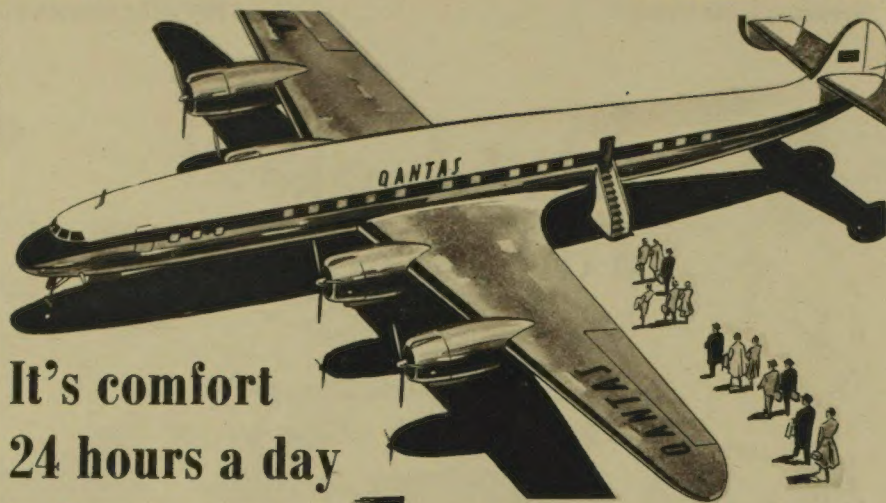
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